13336a

THE SECOND PART OF Queene *Elizabeths* troubles. Doctor *Paries* treasons: The building *of the Royall Exchange, and the famous Victorie in 1588.*

Egerton 816

VVith the Humors of *Hobson* and *Tawny-coat.*

AT LONDON,
Printed for *Nathaniell Butter.*

13336a

The ſecond Part of

If you know not mee, you *know no bodie:*

With the building of the Exchange.

Actus Prima. Scena Prima.

Enter one of Greſhams Factors and a Barbary Marchant.

Factor.

MY Maſter ſir, requeſts your companie,
About confirming certaine couenants
Touching your laſt nights conference.
Marchant. The Sugars.
Beleeue me, to his credite be it ſpoke,
Hee is a man of heedfull prouidence,
And one that by innatiue courteſie
VVinnes loue from Strangers, be it without offence,
How are his preſent fortunes reckoned?
Fact. Neither to flatter nor detract from him,
He is a Marchant of good eſtimate,
Care how to get, and fore-caſt to encreaſe,
(If ſo they be accounted) be his faults.
Mar. They are eſpeciall vertues, being cleare
From auarice and baſe extortion.
But here he comes: Good day, to M. *Greſham*,
You keepe your word.

If you know not me,

Enter Gresham.

Gresh. Else should *I* ill deserue
The title that I weare, a Marchants tongue
Should not stricke false.
Mar. What thinke you of my proffer,
Touching the Sugar?
Gresh. I be thought my selfe
Both of the gaine and losses incident,
And this I tak't was the whole circumstance:
It was my motion and *I* thinke your promise,
To get me a seald Patent from your king
For all your Barbarie Sugar at a price,
During the kings life; and for his princely loue,
I am to send him threescore thousand pounds.
Mar: T'was so condition'd, and to that effect
His highnesse promise is alreadie past,
And if you dare giue credite to my trust,
Send but your priuate letters to your Factor,
That deales for your affaires in Barbarie,
His Maiestie shall either seale your Patent,
Or ile returne the money to your Factor.
Gresh. As much as I desire; pray sir draw neere
And taste a cup of wine, whilst I consider
And throughly scan such accidentall doubts,
As may concerne a matter of such moment.
Mar: At your best leysure.
Gresh: Ile resolue you straight.
Bethinke thee *Gresham*, threescore thousand pounds
A good round summe: let not the hope of gaine
Draw thee to losse. I am to haue a Patent
For all the Barbarie Sugars at a rate,
The gaine cleers halfe in halfe, but then the hazard:
My terme continues during the kings life,
The King may die before my first returne,
Then wheres my Cash? why, so the King may liue
These 40. yeares, then where is *Greshams* gaine:
It stands in this as in all ventures else
Doutfull, no more, ile through what ere it cost.

13336a

So much cleere gaine, or ſo much coyne cleere loſt.
Within there ho. *Enter Iohn Greſham, 2, or 3. Factors.*
Fact: At hand ſir, did you call?
Greſh. How thriues our Caſh? what is it wel increaſt?
I ſpeake like one that muſt be forſt to borrow.
1. *Fact.* Your worſhips merrie.
Greſh. Merry, tell me knaue,
Doſt not thou think that three ſcore thouſand pounds,
Would make an honeſt Marchant try his friends?
Fact. Yes, by my faith ſir, but you haue a friend
Would not ſee you ſtand out for twiſe the ſumme.
Greſh. Praiſe God for all, but what's the common rumour
Touching my bargaine with the King of Barbarie?
1. *Fact.* Tis held your credit, and your Countries honour,
That being but a Marchant of the Cittie,
And taken in a manner vnprouided,
You ſhould vpon a meere preſumption
And naked promiſe, part with ſo much Caſh,
VVhich the beſt Marchants both in Spaine and France,
Denyed to venter on.
Greſh. Good: but withall,
what doe they thinke in generall of the Bargaine?
1. *Fact.* That if the King confirme and ſeale your Pattent,
London will yeelde you partners ynow.
Greſh. I thinke no leſſe: Goe fit you for the ſea,
I meane to ſend you into Barbarie:
You vnto Venice, You to Portingall,
Prouide you preſently: where much is ſpent,
Some muſt be got, thrift ſhould be prouident:
Come hether Coſin, all the reſt depart. *Exeunt Factors.*
Iohn. I had as good depart too, for heele ring a peale in mine
T'will ſound worſe then a paſſing bell. (eare,
Greſh. I haue tane note of your bad husbandrie,
Careleſſe reſpect, and prodigall expence,
And out of my experience counſell you.
Iohn. And I hope good Vncle, you thinke, *I* am as readie to take good counſell, as you to giue it, & *I* doubt not, but to cleere my ſelfe of all obiections that foule-mouthed envie ſhall inrimate againſt me.

If you know not me

Gref. How can you ſatisfie the great compl..
Preferd againſt you by old Miſtreſſe *Blunt*.
A woman of approued honeſtie.

Iohn. That's true, her honeſtie hath beene prooued ofter then once or twice: but doe you know her Vncle? are you inward with her courſe of life, ſhee's a common midwife for tradefalne virginitie, there are more maidenheads chargde and diſchargde in her houſe in a yeare, then peeces at the Artillerie yard.

Gref. She brings in further proofe, that you miſcal'd her.

Iohn. I neuer cal'd her out of name, by this hand Vncle, to my remembrance.

Gref. No: ſhe ſayes you cald her Bawde.

Iohn. True; and I haue known her anſwere too't a thouſand times; tut Vncle tis her name, and I know who gaue it her too, by the ſame token her Godfather gaue her a bowd angell ſtanding at the doore which ſhe hath kept time out a minde.

Greſh. *Antonio* reports you loue his wife.

Iohn. Loue, why alas, Vncle, I hold it percell of my dutie to loue my neighbours, and ſhould I hate his wife, no man would hold me a fit member for a common wealth.

Greſh. He hates you fort.

Iohn. Why, ahlas Vncle, that's not my fault, ile loue him nere-theleſſe, you know we are commanded to loue our enemies, and though he would ſee me hang'd, yet will I loue his wife.

Greſh. He told me, you beſtow'd a gowne of a ſtrumpet.

Iohn. Why, ahlas Vncle, the poore whore went naked, and you know the text commandes vs to cloath the naked, and deeds of mercie be imputed to vs for faults, God helpe the elect.

Greſh. Well, if your prodigall expences be aym'd
At any vertuous and religious end,
Tis the more tollerable, and I am proud
You can ſo probably excuſe your ſelfe.

Iohn. VVell Vncle to approoue my wordes, as indeed good words without deeds are like your greene fig-tree without fruit. I haue ſworne my ſelfe to a more conformable and ſtrikt courſe of life.

Greſh. VVell Coſin, hoping youle prooue a new man.

Iohn.

13336a

Iohn. A new man, what elſe Vncle, Ile be a newe man from the top to toe, or ile want of my will: *I*nſtead of Tennis-Court, my morning Exerciſe ſhalbe at Saint *Antlins*: ile leaue Ordinaries, and to the ende I may forſweare Dicing and Drabbing, keepe me more ſhort Vncle, onely allow me good apparell, good Ragges ile ſtand too't are better then ſeuen yeares prentiſhip, for theyle make a man free of any, nay of all Companies without Indenture, Fathers coppie, or any help whatſoeuer, but I ſee my error, wilde Youth muſt be bridled, keepe mee ſhort good Vncle.

Greſh. On theſe preſumptions ile apparel thee,
And to confirme this reſolution,
I will preferre you vnto Maſter *Hobſon*,
A man of a well knowne diſcretion.

Iohn. Any thing good Vncle, I haue ſeru'd my prentiſhip alreadie, but binde me againe and I ſhall be content, and tis but reaſon neither, ſend me to the Conduit with the water-tankard, ile beate Linnen, Bucks, or any thing to redeeme my negligence.

Greſh. Your education challenge more reſpect.
The Factor dealt for him in France, is dead.

Iohn. And you intend to ſend me in his roome,

Greſh. I doe indeede.

Iohn. I tis well done Vncle, and t'will not bee amiſſe in pollicie to doe ſo: the onely way to curbe a diſſolute youth as I am, is to ſend him from his acquaintance, and therefore ſend mee farre inough good Vncle, ſend mee into France and ſpare not, and if that reclaime me not, giue me ore as one paſt all goodnes.

Greſh. Now afore God my thoughts were much againſt him,
And my intent was to haue chid him roundly,
But his ſubmiſſiue recantation.
Hath made me friends with him, Come follow me,
Ile doe thee good, and that immediately. *Exit.*

Iohn: Thanke you good Vncle, youle ſend mee into France, all *Forboone*: and I doe not ſhew you the right tricke of a Coſin afore I leaue England, ile giue you leaue to call me Cut, and coſen me of my patrimonie as you haue done. *Exit.*

Enter Hobſons prentiſes, and a boy.

1. *Prent.* Prethee fellow *Goodman*, ſet foorth the ware, and looke

looke to the ſhop a little, Ile but drinke a cuppe of wine with a Cuſtomer at the Roſe and Crowne in the Poultrie, and come againe preſently.

2. *Pren.* Foote *I* cannot, I muſt needes ſtep to the Dagger in Cheape to ſend a Letter into the Countrie vnto my father, ſtand by, you are the yougeſt prentiſe, looke you to the ſhop.

Enter Hobſon.

VVhere be theſe varlets, bones a me, at Tauerne?
Knaues, villaines, ſpend goods, foote my Cuſtomers
Muſt either ſerue themſelues, or packe vnſeru'd.
Now they peepe like *Italian* pantelownes
Hehind an Arras, but ile ſtart you knaues,
I haue a ſhooing-horne to draw on your liquor,
What ſay you to a peece of a ſalt Eele?
Come forth you hangdogs, bones a me the knaues
Fleere in my face, they know me to too well,
I talke and prate, and lay't not on their iackes,
And the proud iackes care not a figge for me:
But bones a me, ile turne another leafe.
Where haue you beene ſir?

1. *Pren.* An honeſt Cuſtomer
Requeſted me, to drinke a pint of wine.

Hob. Bones a me, muſt your crimſon throat
Be ſcowr'd with wine? your maſter's glad of beere:
But youle die banquerouts, knawes, and banquerouts all.
And where haue you beene?

2. *Pren.* At breakfaſt with a Dagger pie ſir.

Hob. A Dagger Pie! vd's daggers death, theſe knaues
Set cocke a hope, but *Hobſon* payes for all.
But bones a me, knaues either mend your manners,
Leaue Alehouſes, tauernes, and thetipling mates,
Your Punkes, and cocatrices, or ile clappe ye
Cloſe vp in Bridewell, bones of me ile doo't,

2. *Pren.* Beſeech you ſir, pardon this firſt offence.

Hob. Firſt, bones 2. God, why tis your common courſe,
And you muſt needes be guſling, goe by turnes,
One to the Alehouſe, and two keepe the ſhop.

Enter

13336a

you know no body.

Enter Pedler with Tawnie-coate.

2. *Pren.* It ſhall be done ſir, how much ware yould you haue?

Ped. Fiue pounds worth in ſuch Commodities,
as I beſpoke laſt night.

1. *Pren.* They are readie ſorted.

Taw. God bleſſe you M. *Hobſon.*

Hob. Bones a god, knaue, th'art welcome what's the newes
At bawdie *Barnewell*, and at *Sturbridge Fayre?*
What, haue your London wenches any trading?

Taw. After the old ſort ſir, they viſite the Toulebooth, and the Bulring ſtill. (emptie?

Hob. Good girles, they doe their kinde, what your packes
Good newes, a ſigne you bring your purſes full,
And bones a God, full purſes muſt be welcome:
Sort out their wares: welcome's your due:
Pay the old debt, and penne and incke for newe.

Taw. VVe haue for you ſir, as white as Beares teeth.

Hob. Bones a god, knaues you are welcome, but what newes?
VVhat newes i'the Countrey? what Commodities
Are moſt reſpected with your countrie Girles?

Taw. Faith ſir, our Countrey girles are a kin to your London Courtiers, euery month ſicke of a new faſhion, the horning buske and ſilken bridelaces are in good requeſt with the Parſons wife, your huge poking ſticke, and french perewig, with Chamber-maides, and waiting-gentlewomen, now your Puritans poker is not ſo huge, but ſomewhat longer, a long ſlender poking ſticke is the all in all with your Suffolke Puritane, your ſilkband, halfe farthingales, and chargeable Fore-parts are common, not a wench of thirteene but weares a changeable forepart.

Hob. An ancient wearing: ther's ſome changeable ſtuffe
Has beene a weare with women, time out of minde.

Taw. Beſides ſir, mauy of our yong married men, haue tane an order to weare yellow Garters, Points, & Shootyings, and tis thought, yellow will grow a cuſtome.

Hob: T'as beene vſde long at London.

Taw. And tis thought t'will come in requeſt in the Countrey

too, t'is a fashion, that three or foure yong wenches haue promis'd me their husbands shall weare, or theyle misse of their markes: then your maske, silke-lace, wash't Gloues, carnation girdles, and buske-point suitable, as common as Coales from *New-castle*, you shall not haue a Kitchin-maide scrape trenchers without her wash't Gloues, a Darie-wench will not ride to market to sell her Butter-milke, without her maske and her buske.

Hob. Still a good hearing, let the countrey pay
Well for their pride, tis *gratis* here at London,
And that's the cause tis growne so generall:
But feede their humours, and do not spare,
Bring Countrey-money for our London ware.

Enter Gresham, and Iohn Gresham.

Gresh. Where's *M.Hobson*, cry you mercie sir.

Hob. No harme good *M. Gresham*, pray draw neere:
Ile but dispatch a fewe olde Customers,
And bend a present eare to your discourse.

Gresh. At your best leysure.

Hob. Nay my taske is done:
O *M.Gresham* t'was a golden world
When we were *Boyes*, an honest Countrey-yeoman,
Such as our fathers were, God rest their soules
VVould were white Karsie: bones a me you knaues,
Stooles for these *Gentlemen*, your worships welcome.

Gresh. You know my businesse.

Hob. About your kinsman,
He shall be welcome: beseech you Gentlemen
Lesse of your curtesie: when shall we see the Youth?

Gresh. VVhy this is he.

Hob. VVhich, bones a me man, which?

Gresh. VVhy this.

Hob. VVhich, where, what this yong gentleman!
Bones a me man, hee's not for *Hobsons* turne.
He lookes more like my Master then my seruant.

Gresh. I must confesse he is a Gentleman,
And my neere kinsman: were he myne owne childe,
His seruice should be yours.

Hob.

13336a

you know no body.

Hob. I thanke you for't,
And for your ſake ile giue him entertainment:
But Gentleman if you become my man,
You muſt become more ciuile: bones a me,
VVhat a curld pate is here? I muſt ha'te off,
You ſee my Liuerie, *Hobſons* men are knowne
By their Freeze Coates: and you will dwell with me,
You muſt be plaine, and leaue of brauerie.

Iohn. I hope ſir to put on ſuch ciuill conformitie, as you ſhall not repent my entertainment.

Hob. Pray *God* it prooue ſo.

Greſh: If he doe reſpect
an Vncles loue, let him be diligent.

Hob. well, *M. Greſham*, partly for your loue,
And chiefly to ſupply my preſent want,
Becauſe you ſay your kinſman is well ſeene
Both in languages and factorſhip,
I doe intend to ſend him into France,
In truſt both with my Marchandzies and my Caſh.

Iohn. And if I take not order to caſhier that and my ſelfe too, a pox of all French-farthingales.

Greſh. How ſtand you minded to your Maſters motion?

Iohn. Somewhat vnwilling to leaue my acquaintance, but good Vncle, I know you ſend me out of loue, and I hope t'will be a meanes to call me home the ſooner.

Greſh. Pray *God* it may.

Iohn. Ile want of my will elſe, Ile play a Marchants part with you, ile take vp french Commodities, veluet kirtles, and taffety fore-parts; ile ha that I go for, or ile make halfe the hot-houſes in *Deepe* ſmoake for this tricke.

Hob. VVhat are your bookes made euen with your accounts?

1 *Pren.* I haue compar'd our wares with our receipt,
And find ſir, ten poundes difference.

Hob. Bones a me knaue,
Ten pounds in a morning: heer's the fruit
Of Dagger Pyes, and Alehouſe-guſlings:
Make euen your Reckonings, or *Gods* mother knaues,
You ſhall all ſmart for't.

2. Harke you fellow *Goodman*,
Who tooke the ten pound of the countrie Chapman
That told my maſter the newe faſhions?

1. Fore God not I.

3. Nor I.

Hob. Bones a me, knaues,
I haue pa'yd ſoundly for my Countrey newes:
What was his name?

1. Now afore God, *I* know not.

2. *I* neuer ſaw him in the ſhoppe till now.

Hob. Now bones a me, what carleſſe Knaues keepe I,
Giue me the booke, what habite did he were?

1. As I remember me, a tawnie coate.

Hob. Art ſure: then ſet him downe *Iohn Tawnie-coate.*

1. Ten pound in truſt vnto *Iohn Tawnie-coate.*

Hob. Bones a God man, theſe knaues will begger me.

Greſh. Birladie ſir, ten pounds is too much to looſe,
But ten times ten pound cannot ſhake your credite.

Hob. Thanke God for all: when I came firſt to towne,
It would haue ſhooke me ſhrewdly: but *M. Greſham*,
How ſtands your difference with Sir *Thomas Ramſey*?
Are you made friends yet?

Greſh. He is ſo obſtinate,
That neither *I*uries, nor *C*ommiſſions,
Nor the intreaties of his neereſt friends,
Can ſtoope him vnto compoſition.

Hob. 'Tis paſſing ſtrange: were *Hobſon* in your coate,
Ere i'de conſume a pennie amongſt Lawyers,
Ide giu't poore people, bones a me I wold.

Greſh. A good reſolue: but ſir *Thomas Ramſies* mind
*I*s of another temper, and ere *Greſham*
VVill giue away a tittle of his right,
The Law ſhall begger me.

Hob. Bones a me, man, twill doe that quickly.

Greſh. To preuent which courſe,
The Lady *Ramſey* hath by earneſt ſute,
Procur'd the reuerent Preacher Doctour *Nowell*,
A man well reckoned for his graue reſpect,

13336a

you know no body,

To comprimiſe and ende our difference,
The place the *Lombard*, ten of clocke the houre
Appointed for the hearing of our cauſe.
Shall I requeſt your friendly companie,
Hob. VVith all my heart, both companie and purſe:
Bones a me, knaues, looke better to my ſhoppe;
Men of our trade muſt weare good husbands eyes,
Mongſt many Chap-men there are fewe that buyes.
My leyſure now your buſineſſe attends,
Time's wonne not loſt, that's ſpent to make men friends.
Exeunt.

Enter Doctor Nowell, and my Lady Ramſie.

Ladie. Good Maſter Doctor *Nowell*, let your loue
Now ſhew it ſelfe vnto me: ſuch as they,
Men of the chiefeſt note within this Citie
To be at ſuch a iarre, doth make mee bluſh
Whom it doth ſcarſe concerne: you are a good man,
Take you the courſe in hand and make them friends,
Twill be a good dayes worke, if ſo it end.
D. Now. My *Lady Ramſie*, I haue heard ere this
Of their contentions, their long ſuite in Lawe,
How by good friends they haue beene perſwaded both,
Yet both but deafe to fayre perſwaſion:
What good will my word doe with headſtrong men?
Breath blowne againſt the winde, retures againe.
Lady. Although to Gentlemen and Cittizens,
They haue beene ſo raſh, yet to ſo graue a man,
Of whom none ſpeake but ſpeake with reuerence,
VVhoſe words are gather'd in by euery eare
As flowers receiue the dew that comfort them,
They will be more attentiue: pray take it in hand,
Tis a good deede, t'will with your vertue ſtand.
D. Now. To be a make-peace doth become me well,
The charitable motion good in you,
And in good ſooth t'will make me wet mine eyes,
To ſee them euen, haue beene ſo long at ods.

If you know not me,

And by my meanes, ile doe the beſt I can,
*B*ut God muſt bleſſe my words, for mans but man.
Enter Sir Thomas Ramſie.
Lady. I thanke you heartily, and by the houre I know,
They will be preſently heere on the Lumbard,
VVhither I drew you for this intent:
And ſee, ſir *Thomas* is come: pray breake with him.
D. *Now.* Good day to ſir *Thomas Ramſie.*
Ram. M. Deane of Powles, as much to you:
*T*is ſtrange to ſee you here in *Lumberſtreet*,
This place of trafficke whereon Marchants meete.
D. *Now.* *T*is not my cuſtome: but ſir *Thomas*,
Enter M. Greſham, and old Hobſon. *Hob.* Come, come:
Now body a me, I ſweare not euery day,
You are too to much to blame: two Citizens,
Such as your ſelfe, and ſir *Thomas Ramſie* are,
To beat your ſelues in Law ſixe or ſeuen yeare,
Make Lawyers, Turneyes clarkes, and knaues, to ſpend
Your money in a brabling controuerſie,
Euen like too fooles: ſee where the other is,
VVith our Deane of Powles, nere better met,
VVe two as Vmpiers will conclude a ſtrife
*B*efore the Clocke ſtrike twelue, that now is aleuen:
*L*awyers this full ſeuen yeare haue brabſed in,
And with a cuppe or two of merry-godowne,
Make them ſhake hands: *I*s't not well ſaid M. Deane?
D. *Now.* And *I* could wiſh it as well done, M. *Hobſon.*
Greſh. Ile haue you both know though you are my friends,
I ſcorne my cauſe ſhould ſtoope or yeele to him,
Although he be reputed *Ramſie* the rich.
Ram. And *Greſham* ſhall perceiue that *Ramſies* purſe,
Shall make him ſpend the wealth of *Oſterley*,
*B*ut he ſhall know. *Greſh.* Know, what ſhall I know?
Ram. That *Ramſie* is as good a man as *Greſham.*
Greſh. And *Greſham* is as good a man as *Ramſie.*
Ram. Tut, tut, tut. *Greſh.* *T*ut in thy teeth although thou art (a Knight.
Hob. *B*ones a me, you are both to blame:
VVe two like friendes, come to conclude your ſtrife,

13336a

you know no body.

D.Now. How ſtands the difference twixt you my good friends?
Lad. The impatience both of the one and other,
VVill not permit to heare each other ſpeake:
Ile tell the cauſe for both, and thus it is,
There is a Lordſhip called *Oſterley*,
That *M. Greſham* hath both bought and built vpon.
Greſh. And t'is a goodly Manour, M. Deane.
Lady. VVhich *Oſterley* before he dealt therein,
Sir Thomas my husband here did thinke to buy,
And had giuen earneſt for it.
Ram. Then *Greſham* here, deales with the Land-ſeller,
And buyes my bargaine moſt diſhoneſtly.
Greſ. God for his mercie touch mine honeſty,
Away with comprimize, with taking vp,
The Lawe ſhall try my cauſe and honeſtie.
Ram. T'will proue no better then it ſhould *Greſham*.
Greſ. T'will pooue as good as *Ramſies*, *Ramſie*.
Ram. Do not *I* know thy riſing? *Greſ.* I, and I know thine.
Ram. VVhy mine was honeſtly. *Greſh.* And ſo was mine.
Hob. Heyday, bones a me
VVas't euer ſeene two men to ſcold before?
Here's, I know thy riſing, and I know thine,
VVhen as Gods bleſſing, that hath raiſ'd them both,
Am I worſe becauſe in *Edwards* dayes,
When Popeie went downe, I did ingroſſe
Moſt of the *Beades* that were within the Kingdome,
That when Queene *Marie*, had renewed that Church,
They that would pray on *Beades* were forc't to me:
I made them ſtretch their purſe-ſtrings, grew rich thereby,
Beads were to me a good commoditie.
Greſh. No matter for your beads, my right's my right.
Ram. Yet *Greſham* ſhall well know he hath done me wrong.
Greſh. Ther's law inough to right you, take your courſe.
D.Now. Reaſon being made mans guide, why is't that force
Are violent paſſions to ſweepe the ſoule
Into ſuch head-long miſchiefes: tis onely this,
Reaſon would rule, Nature a Rebell is.
You know the fire of your contention,
Hath onely cheriſhing and is maintain'd

If you know not me,

As ſoultry heat doth make vs ſhunne the fire,
An extreame colde doth alter that deſire:
All things that haue beginnings, haue their ends.
Your hate muſt haue concluſion, then be friends.
Hob. Friends, M. Doctor *Nowell*, looke you heere,
Heer's M. *Greſhams* hand.
Lady. Ile bring the tother.
Hob. This ſeuen yeare they haue beene in law together.
How much ſuch men as they in ſeuen yeares ſpend,
Lawyres may laugh at, but let wiſe men iudge.
Gresh. Friend *Hobſon.*
Ram. VVife Lady.
Hob. Bones a me, ile hold you faſt,
I will not haue a couple of ſuch men
Make cackling lawyers rich, and themſelues fooles,
And for a trifling cauſe: as *I* am olde *Hobſon.*
Gresh. Sir *Thomas Ramſie.*
Ram. Maſter *Greſham.*
Hob. Body of mee, both ſhall be ſchool'd, M. D. *Nowell,*
You know the cauſe that this contention,
Is onely that he bought a peece of land
This had giuen earneſt for, all *Adams* earth,
And *Adams* earth is free for *Adams* ſonnes,
And tis a ſhame men ſhould contend for it:
VVhat ere you ſpeake ſhall for a ſentence ſtand,
And being ſpoke, they ſhall ſhake hand in hand.
D. *Now.* If I muſt then decide the difference,
Thus it ſhall bee: becauſe that Sir *Thomas Ramſie,*
Had earneſt giuen before you bought the Land,
Though you were not acquainted with ſo much,
I doe award he haue a hundred pound
Toward his charges, and for that you
Haue both payd for the Land, and built vpon it,
It ſhall continue yours: the money you haue ſpent,
Either account it loſt, or badly lent.
Gresh. Gods precious, *I* haue ſpent fiue hundred pound,
Ram. And ſo haue I.
Hob. No matter.

13336a

The iudgement ſtands, onely this verdite too,
Had you before the law fore-ſeene the loſſe,
You had not now come home by weeping croſſe:
Striſes may as well haue end twixt honeſt men,
Lawyers ſet fooles to Law, then laugh at them.
Greſh. Fore God tis true: and now I thinke vpon it,
We might at firſt haue ended it by friendes,
And made our ſelues merry with the money:
But being done, tis done, then ſir *Thomas Ramſey*,
Let's leaue both looſers, tis but a thouſand pound,
And if you be as well content as I,
Here weele ſhake hands and let our anger dye.
Hob. Shake hands, by the Marie god, ſir *Thomas* what elſe,
Ram. You ſhew your ſelues our friends, to make vs friends,
Then in good ſooth ile not be obſtinate.
Lady. Nay, M. Doctor *Nowell* ioyne their hands,
I know the reuerent regard of you
Hath tempred both their hearts.
Greſh. Madame, tis true: I thinke to any but ſo good a man,
We ſhould haue both beene headſtrong: but come.
D. Now. VVith all my heart, long may you liue together,
As friend ſhould be to friend, brother to brother.
Greſh. Amen, amen, ſir *Thomas*.
Ram. Amen, amen, Maſter *Greſham*.
Hob. Amen, amen, to you both.
And is not tis better then euery Terme
to trot after Lawyers?
Greſh. Good ſooth tis true, if we could thinke it ſo,
But tis mans nature, he deſires his woe. *A ſtorme.*
Now paſſion of me ſir *Thomas*, a cruell ſtorme,
And we ſtay long we ſhall be wet to the skinne,
I doe not lik't, nay and it angers mee
That ſuch a famous Citie as this is,
Wherein ſo many gallant Marchants are,
Haue not a place to meete in, but in this,
VVhere euery ſhoure of raine muſt trouble them:
I cannot tell but if I liue: lets ſtep into the Popes head,
We ſhall be dropping dry if ſtay here:

If you know not me,

Ile haue a roofe built, and ſuch a roofe,
That Marchants and their wiues, friend and their friends
Shall walke vnderneath it. as now in Powles.
What day of the Month is this?
Hob. Day *M. Greſham*, let me ſee:
I tooke a fellowes word for twentie pound
The tenth of March, the tenth of March.
Greſh. The tenth of March, well if I liue,
Ile raiſe a worke ſhall make our Marchants ſay,
T'was a good ſhowre that fell vpon that day. How now *Iacke?*

Enter Iohn Greſham.

Iohn. Sir, my M. here hauing preferd me to be his Factor into (France,
I am come to take my leaue of you.
Greſh. I thanke him for his care of thee: *M. Hobſon,*
My kinſman's come to take his leaue of me,
He tels me you are ſending him for France.
Hob. Bones a me knaue, art there yet?
I thought thou hadſt been halfe way there by this.
Iohn. I did but ſtay ſir, to take my leaue of my Vncle.
Greſh. O *M. Hobſon*, he comes in a very good time,
I was bethinking me whom I might ſend
To fetch this hundred pound, I am ſet to pay
To ſir *Thomas Ramſey*: nay, as we are friends
Weele haue all Couenants kept before we part.
Iohn. God graunt that I may ſee it.
Greſh. Here *Iohn* take this ſeal'd Ring,
Bid *Timothy* preſently ſend me a hundred pound.
Iohn. I ſir.
Greſh. I am ſure he hath it ready told for thee,
Weele ſtay here on the Lumbard till thou comeſt.
Iohn. Yes Sir.
D. *Now.* Nay ſtay good *Iohn*, thou know'ſt my dwelling *Iohn?*
Iohn. In Powles Church-yard Sir.
D. *Now.* The hundred pound thou art ſent for, bring it thither.
Iohn. Yes marry will *I* ſir, *Exit.*
D. *Now.* And my good friends, ſince that ſo long a ſtriſe
Hath ende by my perſwaſion, ile entreat,
My houſe may entertaine you for this time.

13336a

you know no bodie.

Where with ſuch neceſſaries weele paſſe the time,
As God ſhall beſt be pleaſed, and you contented:
I keepe no ryot, nor you looke for none,
Onely my table is for euery one.
Groſſ. A cup of Sacke and welcome M. Deane,
Nature is beſt contented with a meane. *Exeunt.*

Enter Timothy and Iohn Greſham.

Iohn. As I told you *Timothy*,
You muſt ſend my Vncle ſtraight a hundred pound:
A dines at Doctor *Nowels*, and gaue me in charge
To haſt with the money after him.

Thimo. You come to me *Iohn* for a hundred pound, I thanke my ſpirituall maker I haue the charge of many hundreds of his now *Iohn*: I hope *Iohn* you feare *God*. (too.

Iohn. Feare God, S'foot what elſe, I feare *God* and the deuill

Tym. I muſt tell you *Iohn* and I know it, you haue not fed of the ſpirituall food, but edified by faith and ſuffered the tares of the wild affections to be burnt.

Iohn. Foote thou wouldſt not haue me make my ſelfe a French Martyr, to be burnt at theſe yeares wouldſt thou?

Tym. I haue knowne them *Iohn* of our Church, haue beene burnt for other ſinnes before thy yeares.

Iohn. I by my faith *Timothy* it may be you haue, for as cloſe as you carry your teeth together, with indeed good brother, I doe not thinke but once in a yeare, a man might finde you quartered betwixt the Mouth at Biſhops-gate, and the preaching place in Spittle.

Tim. Now you talke of the Spittle, *I* muſt ſay in very deede *I* haue beene in the Spittle.

Iohn. It is the more like *Timothy* you haue beene acquainted with the pox then.

Tim. But if you ſhould thinke *Iohn*, that *I* would be there to commit, deale, or to ſpeake more prophanely, to venture in the way of all fleſh, you doe wrong me being a brother of the faith.

Iohn. Come right your ſelfe and your Maſter then, and ſend him this one hundred pound, here's his ſeal'd Ring, I hope a warrant ſufficient.

Tim. Vpon ſo good ſecuritie *Iohn*, ile fit me to deliuer it. *Exit.*

Iohn. Spend it, God ſend mee but once to finger it, and if I doe not make a Flanders reckoning on't, and that is as I haue heard mad wags ſay, receiue it heare and reuell it away in an other place: let me bee ſpit out of the roome of good fellowſhip, and neuer haue ſo much fauour to touch the ſkirt of a Taffatie peticote.

Tut *I* am yong, mine Vncle's an old chuffe,
And ile not want by God, ſince he hath enough.
I muſt not let this ſame wainſcot-face, yea & nay, heare me tho.

Enter Timothy.

Tim. Here *Iohn*, accept my dutie to my Maſter, I muſt tell you *Iohn*, I would not haue truſted you *Iohn*, without ſo ſufficient a diſcharge.

Iohn. I am the leſſe beholding vnto you, but now I hau't, becauſe you preach't to me vpon my demande of it, ile be ſo bold to lecture to you vpon your deliuerie, *Timothie* you know the Prouerbe good *Timothy*, *That the ſtill Sow eates all the draffe*: and no queſtion the moſt ſmooth tongu'd fellow, the more arrant knaue: God forbid I ſhould call you ſo *Timothy*, yet I will leaue this for your further remembrance.

Vnder the yea and nay, men often buy
Much coſonage, finde many alye:
He that with yea and nay makes all his ſayings,
Yet prooues a Iudas in his dealings,
Shall haue this written o're his graue,
Thy life ſeem'd pure, yet di'd a knaue.

Timothy. Doe you heare *Iohn*, you know the Chapmans word in London, *Ile truſt you but no further then I ſee you*, you haue the hundred pound *Iohn*, but for that you haue wrong'd vs that loue to be edified, I will goe with you to my Maſter, and ſee the money deliuered.

Iohn. *W*hy, a truſted me to come with't.

Timothy. *I* care not by yea, and nay, ile goe by yea and nay, I will.

Iohn. Let me but aske thee this queſtion, *W*hither doſt thou goe, in any loue to thy maſter, or to me?

Tim.

13336a

Tim. Though my master be my master, yet you haue flur'd my stomack.

Iohn: I thought there was the fruit of your Puritane patience, come let's along, and if I doe not shew your religion a trick shall be scarse disgested with pepins or cheese, let me bee cal'd Cut, Come along. *Exeunt.*

Enter Honestie the Sergeant, and Quick.

Honestie. Fellow *Quicke*, pray thee haue a care if thou canst see *Iohn* the Vpholster, I must needes arrest him.

Quick. How much is the debt?

Honestie. Some 50.li.

Quic. Dost thou thinke he is able to put in bayle to the action?

Honestie. I thinke scarse ynough.

Quick. Why then wee'le arrest him to the popes-head, call for the best cheere in the house, first feede vpon him, and then if he wil not come off, carry him to the counter, but if he wil stretch some 4. or 5. li. being the sums so great he shal passe, weele make him sweare he shall not tell he was arrested, and weele sweare to the creditor we cannot meet with him.

Honest. Fore God thou sayst well.

Quick. I haue serued *Sent* the Perfumer, Tallow the Currier, Quarrell the Glasier, and some three or foure more of our poore smelts so this morning. *Enter Iohn.*

Iohn. Hart I haue cour'st thorow two or three Lanes, yet the miching slaue followes me so close I can not giue him the slippe for this hundred pound: as God saue me now ti's in my hand i'de rather be hang'd then part from it: Foote, t'will make a man merry halfe a yere together in France, command wenches or any thing: part from it quoth you, that were a iest indeed: shall a yong man as I am, and though I say it indifferent proper, goe into a strange countrey, and not shew himselfe what mettell hee is made of when a comes there: I protest a very good hundred pound, a hundred pound will goe farre in France, and when a man hath it not of his owne, who should hee make bold withall for it, if he may not with his Vncle; but see if that thin fac't rogue be not come againe, I must haue a tricke for him. *Enter Tim.*

Tim. For all your fore-long too and fro, by yea and nay, ile follow you.

If you know not me,

Iohn. Will you, there should bee Sergeants here abouts, will you: Lord if it be thy will send mee to hit of one, and if I doe not shew you a tricke, thou shouldst be a Sergeant by thy peering so.

Honest. Why *M. Iohn* so I am. (thy name?

Iohn. Thou art happily met: I am looking for one, what's

Ho. My name *M. Iohn*, I haue beene merry at your Vncles many a time, my name's *Honestie.* *Iohn.* Ifaith.

Quick. Nay, ile assure you his name is *Honestie*, and I am *Quick*

Ioh. Honestie! who the pox gaue thee that name? (his Yeoman. But thou must doe an office for my Vncle:

Heare *Quicke*, runne thou before and enter the action,
Ther's money, an action of an hundred pound
Against *Timothy Thin-beard, M. Greshams* Factor,
I hope I shall teach you to dog me.

Quick. An action against *Thin-beard*, *I* goe. *Exit.*

Iohn. Here *Honestie*, there's money for thy arrest,
Be sure to take good Bayle or clap him fast:
I hope I shall shew you a trick. *Honest.* Mum for that.

Iohn. See where he is, God prosper it.
Fasten vpon him like a hungry Dog vpon a peece of meate:
And if this be not a tricke to chaste a foole,
A more knaue learne me, and ile goe to schoole.

Honest. I arrest you Sir.

Tim: Arrest me, thou seruant to Sathan: at whose sute?

Honest. At your Masters, *M. Greshams.*

Tim. O God for thy mercie, *M. Iohn, M. Iohn.*

Iohn. Nay, nay, this 100. li, hath other worke in hand for me,
You are in the Deuils hand, and so agree. *Exit.*

Tim. My good friend, now what must become of me?

Honest. Vnles, wee shall to the Tauerne, and drinke till you can send for Baile, you must to the Counter.

Tim. Is ther no difference made betwixt the faithfull and the vnfaithfull.

Honest. Faith very little in paying of debts: but if you be so holy, I maruel how you run so farre behind hand With your M.

Tim. I must confesse I owe my M. 500. li. How I came so, it is not fit to lay the sins of our flesh open to euery eie, & you know

the

13336a

the saying, *Tis bad to do euill, but worse to boast of it:* yet hee aboue knowes that sometimes as soone as I haue come from *Bowe-church*, I haue gone to a Baudie-house. (your knauerie.

Honest. Nay it appeares so, that now your M, hath smelt out *Tim.* Not to commit in very deed good friend, but only to see fashions, or to recreat & stir vp our drowsie appetites. *Enter Quic.*

Honest. Well here comes my fellow *Quick*, and vnles you will content vs for staying, you must along to the Counter.

Tim. *I* hope you thinke *The Labourer is worthie of his hire:* we will stay here at the Tauerne, and *Quick I* will content thee, to carry a letter to my master, wherein I will make him a restitution of his 500. li. by repentance, and shew him the way that my fraile nature hath run into.

Honest. Well, weele be pay'd by the houre.

Tim. It will not be amisse if you buy an houre-glasse. *Exeunt.*

Enter D. *Nowel, Gresham. sir* Tho. *Ramsie, Hobson, Lady Ramsie.*

Gresh. Come M. D. *Nowell*, now we haue done
Our worst to your good cheere, wee'd faine be gone:
Onely we stay my kinsmans long returne,
To pay this hundred pound to sir *Thomas Ramsie.*

D. *Now.* Then assure you, he will be heare presently:
*I*n the meane time, *I* haue drawne you to this walke,
A Gallerie, wherein *I* keepe the Pictures
Of many charitable Citizens:
That hauing fully satisfied your bodyes,
You may by them learne to refresh your soules.

Gresh. Are all these Pictures of good Cittizens?

D. *Now.* They are, and ile describe to you some of their births,
How they bestowd their liues, and did so liue
The fruits of this life might a better giue.

Gresh. You shall gaine more in shewing this to vs,
*T*hen you haue showne.

Lady. Good M. Deane, I pray you shew it vs.

This was the Picture of sir *Iohn Philpot* sometimes Mayor,
*T*his man at one time, at his owne charge,
Leauied ten thousand souldiers, guarded the Realme
From the incursions of our enemies:
And in the yeare a thousand three hundred and eightie,

If you know not me,

VVhen *Thomas* of *Woodſtocke*, *Thomas Percie* with other noble
VVere ſent to ayd the Duke of *Britannie*, (men,
This ſayd *Iohn Filpot* furniſht out foure ſhips
At his owne charges and did releaſe the armor
That the poore ſouldiers had for victuals paw'nd.
This man did liue when *Walworth* was Lord Maior
That prouident, valiant, and learned Citizen,
That both attacht, and kild the traytor *Tyler*,
For which good ſeruice *Walworth* the Lord Maior,
This *Felpot*, and foure other Aldermen,
Were knighted in the field.
Thus did he liue, and yet before he di'd
Aſſur'd reliefe for thirteene poore for euer.
Greſ: By the marry God a worthy Citizen:
On good my Deane.
Now: This ſir *Richard Whitington* three times Maior,
Sonne to a Knight, and Prentiſe to a Mercer,
Began the Librarie of Gray-Friars in London;
And his Executors after him did build
Whittington Colledge, thirteene Almes-houſes for poore men,
Repair'd S. *Bartholmewes* in Smithfield,
Glaſed the Guild-hall, and built Newgate.
Hob. Bones of mee then I haue heard lyes,
For I haue heard he was a ſcullion,
And rai'ſd himſelfe by venture of a Cat.
Now: They did the more wrong to the gentleman.
This ſir *Iohn Allen* Mercer and Maior of *London*,
A man ſo graue of life that he was made
A priuie Counſellor to King *Henrie* the eight,
He gaue this Citie a rich Coller of gold,
That by the Maior ſucceeding ſhould be worne;
Of which ſir *William Laxton* was the firſt,
And is continued euen vnto this yeare,
A number more there are, of whoſe good deeds
This Citie floriſht.
Greſh: And we may be aſhamed,
For in their deeds we ſee our owne diſgrace,
We that are Citizens are rich as they were,

13336a

you know no body..

Behold their charitie in euery ſtreete,
Churches for prayer, Almes-houſes for the poore,
Conduits which bring vs water: all which good
We doe ſee and are relieu'd withall,
And yet wee liue like beaſts, ſpend time and die,
Leauing no good to be remembred by.
Lady. Among the Stories of theſe bleſſed men,
So many that inrich your Gallarie,
There are two womens Pictures: what were they?
D. Now. They are two that haue deſeru'd a memorie,
Worthy the note of our Poſteritie:
This *Agnes Foſter*, wife to ſir *A. Foſter*,
That fre'd a *Beggar* at the grate of Lud-gate,
Was after Maior of this moſt famous Citie,
And builded the South-ſide of Lud-gate vp,
Vpon which wall theſe Verſes I haue read.

Deuout ſoules that paſſe this way,
For M. Foſter late Maior honeſtly pray,
And Agnes *his Wife to God conſecrate,*
That of pitty this houſe made for Londoners in Lud.gate:
So that for lodging and water here nothing they pay,
As their Keepers ſhall anſwere at dreadfull Doomes day.

Lady. O what a charitable deed was this!
This *Aue Gibſon* who in her husbands life,
Being a Grocer, and a ſherife of London,
Founded a free Schoole at Ratcliffe,
There to inſtruct three-ſcore poore children,
*B*uilt fourteene Almes-houſes for fourteene poore
Leauing for Tutors 50. li. a yeare,
And Quarterly for euery one a Noble.
Lady. *W*hy ſhould not I liue ſo, that being dead
My name might haue a regiſter with theirs,
Greſh. Why ſhould not all of vs being wealthy men,
And by Gods bleſſing onely raiſ'd, but
Caſt in our mindes how we might them exceed
In godly workes, helping of them that need.

Hob. Bones a me tis true: why ſhould we liue,
To haue the poore to curſe vs being dead?
Heauen grant that I may liue, that when I die,
Although my children laugh, the poore may cry.
Now. If you will follow the religious path,
That theſe haue beat before you, you ſhall win heauen,
Euen in the mid-day walkes you ſhall not walke the ſtreet,
But widowes oriſons, Layſars prayers, Orphans thankes,
Will flye into your eares, and with a ioyfull bluſh,
Make you thanke God that you haue done for them:
When otherwiſe theil fill you eares with curſes,
Crying we feed on woe, you are our Nurſes.
O iſt not better that yong couples ſay,
You raiſ'd vs vp, then you were our decay:
And mothers tongues teach their firſt borne to ſing,
Of your good deeds, then by the bad to wring.
Hob. No more M.D.*Nowell*, no more,
I thinke theſe words ſhould make a man of flint
To mend his life: how ſay you M.*Greſham*?
Greſh. Fore-god they haue ſtarted teares into my eyes,
And M.D.*Nowel* you ſhall ſee
The words that you haue ſpoke, haue wrought effect in me.
Ladie. And from theſe women I will take a way,
To guide my life for a more bleſſed ſtay.
Now. Begin then whilſt you liue, leaſt being dead,
The good you giue in charge be neuer done,
Make your owne hands your executors, your eyes ouer-ſeers,
And haue this ſaying euer in your mind:
Women be forgetfull, children be vnkind,
Executors be couetous, and take what they find.
Hob. In my time I haue ſeene many of them.
Greſh. Ile learne then to preuent them whilſt I liue,
The good I meane to doe, theſe hands ſhall giue.

Enter Quick.

Quick. The matter you wot of ſir is done.
Greſh. Done knaue, what's done?
Quick. Is in huckſters handling ſir, and heare he commends him vnto you.

13336a

you know no body.

Gresh. Mary God knaue doſt tel me Riddles, what's all this?

Quic. A thing will ſpeake his owne minde to you,
If you pleaſe but to open the lip.

Enter Clo.

Clo. Bee your leaue Gentlemen, I am come to ſmell out my maſter here: Your kinſ-man *Iohn* ſir, your kinſ-man *Iohn*.

Gresh. O he has brought the hundred pound, where is he?

Clo. It appeares by this, the matter is of leſſe waight.

Gresh. What more papers!
Fellow, what haſt thou brought me here, a recantation?

Clo. It may be ſo for he appeares in a white ſheet.

Quick. Indeed he ſeemes ſorry for his bad life..

Gresh. Bad life, bad life knaue, what meanes all this?
M.D. N*ouell*, pray read it for me,
And ile read that my kinſ-man *Iohn* hath ſent:
Where is he knaue?

Clo. Your worſhip is no wiſer then you ſhould be, to keepe any of that cote.

Gresh. Knaue thou mean'ſt.

Clo. Knaue I meane ſir, but your kinſ-man *Iohn*,
That by this time's well forward on his way.

Gresh. Hey-day, what haue we here, knauery as quick as Eeles?
Weele more of this.

Clo. You were beſt let me helpe you hold it ſir.

Gresh. VVhy knaue, dooſt thinke I cannot hold a paper.

Clo. Helpe will do no hurt for if the knauery be as quicke as an Eele, it may chance to deceiue you. *Greſhams reades.*

I am a Marchant made by chance,
And lacking coyne to venture:
Your hundred pound's gone toward France,
Your Factor's in the Counter.

Quick. No ſir, he is yet but in the Tauerne at counter gate, but he ſhall ſoone be in if you pleaſe.

Gresh. Away knaue, let me read on.

My father gaue me a portion,
You keepe away my due:
I haue payd my ſelfe apart to ſpend,
Here's a diſcharge for you.

If you know not me,

Precious cole, here's a knaue round with me.
D. *Now.* Your Factor *Timothy Thin beard* writes to you,
Who as it ſeemes is arreſted at your ſute.
Greſh. How, at my ſute!
D. *Now.* And heare confeſſeth by vſing bad companie,
He is run behind hand fiue hundred pound:
And doth intreat you would be good to him.
Greſh. How, run behind hand fiue hundred pound,
And by bad companie: M. Deane of Powles,
He is a fellow ſeemes ſo pure of life,
I druſt haue truſted him with all I had had.
D. *Now.* Here is ſo much vnder his owne hand.
Greſh. Ha, let me ſee, who ſet you to arreſt him?
Quick. Why your kinſ-man *Iohn* ſir, your kinſ-man *Iohn*.
Greſh. He, ha, infaith I ſmell the knauerie then:
This knaue belike miſtruſting of my kinſman,
VVould come along to ſee the money giuen me:
Mad *Iacke* hauing no tricke to put him off,
Arreſts him with a Sergeant at my ſute,
There went my hundred pound away: this *Thin-beard* then
Knowing himſelfe to haue playd the knaue with me,
And thinking I had arreſted him indeed,
Confeſſeth all his trickes with yeā, and nay:
So her's fiue hundred pound come, one runne away.
Hob. Bones a me, *M. Greſham*, is my man Iohn
Gone away with your hundred pound?
Clo. Faith it appeares ſo by the acquittance that *I* brought.
Greſh. No matter *M. Hobſon*, the charge you truſt him with,
Ile ſee he ſhall diſcharge, *I* know he is wilde,
Yet I muſt tell you ile not ſee him ſuncke:
And afore-god it hath done my heart more good,
The knaue had wit to doe ſo mad a tricke,
Then if he had poſited me twice ſo much.
Ram. He euer had the name of mad *Iacke Greſham*.
Greſh. Is the more like his Vncle, *Sir Thomas Ramſie*.
When I was yong I doe remember well,
I was as very a knaue as he is now.
Sirra, bring *Thin-beard* hither to me, and *ſir Thomas Ramſie*,

13336a

Your hundred pound ile see you pay'd my selfe:
Ha ha, mad *Iack*, Gramercie for this slight,
This hundred pounds makes me, thy Vncle right. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iohn Tawnicote.

Taw. I sure tis in this Lane, I turned on the right hand comming from the Stockes, nay, though there was master carles, man carels, and all careles, ile still be honest *Iohn*, and scorne to take any mans ware but ile pay them for it: I warrant they thinke me an arrant knaue, for going away and not paying, and in my conscience the master cudgeld the men, and the men the master, and all about me, when as God saue me I did it innocently. But sure this is the Lane, there's the VVindmill, there's the Dogs head in the pot, and her's the Fryer whipping the Nuns arse: ti's here about sure.

Enter in the shop 2. of Hobsons folkes, and opening the shoppe.

1. Come fellow *Crack*, haue you sorted vp those wares?
Mark't them with 54. they must be pack't vp.

2. I haue don't an houre agoe: haue you seal'd vp
My masters Letter to his Factor *Iohn Gresham*?
It is at Deepe in France to send him Matches,
For he must vse them at *Bristow faire*.

1. I, and the Poste receiued it two houres since.

Taw. Sure it is here about, the kennel was on my right hand, and I thinke in my conscience I shall neuer haue the grace of God and good lucke, if I doe not pay it: Gods foot, looke here, looke here, I know this is the shop by that same stretch-halter, O my masters, by your leaue good fellowes.

1. You are welcome sir, you are welcome.

Taw. Indeed that's the common saying about London, if men bring money with them.

1. O sir, money customers to vs are best welcome.

Taw. You say well, so they should be: come turne o're your bookes, I am come to pay this same ten pound.

1. And we are ready to receiue money: what might we call your name?

Taw. Why my name is *Iohn Good-fellow*, I hope I am not ashamed of my name.

1. Your Kin are the more beholding to you, fellow *Cracke* turne o're the Callender, and looke for *Iohn Good-fellow.*

2. VVhat comes it to?

Tawnie. Tenne pound.

1. You will haue no more wares with you, will you ſir.

Taw. Nay prethee not too faſt, let's pay for the old before we talke of any new.

2. *Iohn Good-fellow*, fellow *Nimble-chaps*, here's no ſuch name in all our booke.

1. I thinke thou art mop-ey'd this morning, giue me the booke, Letter I, Letter I, Letter I: when had you your ware?

Taw. I had it ſome ten dayes agoe.

1. Your name's *Iohn Good-fellow* you ſay, Letter I, Letter I, Letter I: You doe not come to mocke vs, doe you. Letter I, Letter I, Letter I. By this hand if I thought you did, I would knocke you about the eares afore wee parted: fellow *Cracke*, get mee a Cudgell ready; Letter I, Letter I, Letter *I*: Foote here's no ſuch name in all our Booke. Doe you heare fellow are you drunke this morning, to make vs looke for moone-ſhine in the water?

Taw: Fut, art not thou drunke this morning, canſt not receiue the money that's due to thee? I tell thee I had ten pounds worth of ware here.

1. And I tell thee *Iohn Goodfellow*, here's no ſuch name in our booke, nor no ſuch ware deliuered.

Taw: Gods precious, there's a ieſt indeed, ſo a man may bee ſworn out of himſelf, had not I ten pounds worth of ware here?

2. No Goodman gooſe, that you had not.

Taw: Hyday, here's excellent fellowes, are able to make their maiſters haires grow through his hood in a month, they cannot only careleſly deliuer away his ware, but alſo they will not take money for it when it comes.

1. Doe you heare *Hoyden*, and my maſter were not in the next roome, Ide knocke you about eares for playing the knaue with vs, ere you parted.

Taw: By the maſſe I thinke your maſter had more need knock you about the eares, for playing the Iackes with him, ther's your ten pounds, tell it out with a wanion, and take it for your pains.

1. Fut,

13336a

you know no bodie.

1. Fut, here's a mad ſlaue indeed will giue vs ten pound in ſpight of our teethes.

2. Fellow Nimble Chaps, alas let the poore fellow alone, it appear's he is beſides himſelfe.

Taw: By the maſſe, I thinke you will ſooner make your maſter ſtarke mad, if you play thus with euerie bodie.

Enter old Hobſon.

Hobſ: Hyday, bones a mee, here's lazy knaues.
Paſt eight a clocke, and neither ware ſorted,
Nor ſhop ſwept.

Taw: Good morrow to you ſir, haue you any more ſtomacke to receiue money, than your men haue this morning?

Hob: Money is welcome chaffer, welcome good friend,
Welcome good friend.

Taw: Here's mounſier malapart your man, ſcorns to receiue it.

Hob: How knaues, thinke ſcorne to receiue my money?
Bones a mee growne proud, proud knaues, proud.

1. *I* hope we know ſir you doe not vſe to bring vp your ſeruants to receiue money vnleſſe it be due vnto you.

Hob. No bones a me knaues, not for a million:
Friend, come to pay me money, for what, for what,
For what come you to pay me money?

Taw. Why Sir, for ware *I* had ſome moneth agoe,
Being Pins, Points, and Laces,
Poting ſticks for yong wiues, for yong wenches glaſſes,
Ware of all ſorts which I bore at my backe
To ſel where *I* come, with what do you lack, what do you lack?
What doe you lacke?

Hob. Bones a me a merry knaue: what's thy name?

Taw. My name ſir is *Iohn Good-fellow*,
An honeſt poore Pedler of Kent.

Hob. And had ten pound in ware of me, a moneth agoe:
Bones giue me the bookes, *Iohn Good-fellow* of Kent.

Taw. O ſir, *Nomine & natura*, by name and nature,
I am as well knowne for a good-fellow in Kent,
As your Cittie Summer's known for a knaue,
Come ſir will you be telling,

Hob. Tel me of no tellings, bones of me here's no ſuch matter:
Away knaue away, thou oweſt me none, out of my doores.

Taw. How, owe you none ſay you! this is but a tricke to try my honeſtie now.

Hob. There's a groat, goe drinke a pint of *Sacke*,
Comfort thy ſelfe thou art not well in thy wits;
God forbid, pay me ten pound not due to me.

Taw. Gods dickins here's a ieſt indeed, maſter mad, men mad, and all mad, here's a mad houſhold: doe you heare *M. Hobſon*, I doe not greatly care to take your groat, and I care as little to ſpend it, yet you ſhall know I am *Iohn*, honeſt *Iohn*, and I will not be out fac't of my honeſty, here *I* had ten pounds worth of ware, and *I* w'll pay for it.

Hob. Nimble-chaps, call for help *Nimble-chaps*,
Bones of me the man begins to raue.

2. Maſter *I* haue found out one *Iohn Tawnie-cote*,
Had ten pounds worth of ware a moneth agoe.

Taw. Why that's *I*, that's *I*: *I* was *Iohn Tawnie-cote* then,
Though *I* am *Iohn Gray-cote* now.

Hob. Iohn Tawnie-cote! welcome *Iohn Tawnie-cote.*

Taw. Foot doe you thinke ile be out fac't of my honeſtie?

Hob. A ſtoole for *Iohn Tawnie-cote*, ſit good *Iohn Tawnie-cote*.
Honeſt *Iohn* Tawnie-cote, welcome *Iohn* Tawnie-cote.

Taw. Nay, ile aſſure you we are honeſt all the generation of vs,
There t'is to a Doyt I warrant it, you need not tell it after mee,
Foot doe you think ile be out ſac't of mine honeſtie?

Hob. Thou art honeſt *Iohn*, honeſt *Iohn* Tawnie-cote:
Hauing ſo honeſtly pay'd for this,
Sort vp his packe ſtraight worth twentie pound,
Ile truſt thee honeſt *Iohn*, *Hobſon* will truſt thee:
And any time, the ware that thou dooſt lacke,
Money or money not, ile ſtuffe thy packe.

Taw. I thanke you Maſter *Hobſon*, and this is the fruit of honeſtie.

Enter a Purſeuant.

Pur. Be your leaue M. *Hobſon*, I bring this fauour to you,
My royall Miſtreſſe *Queene Elizabeth*,
Hath ſent to borrow a hundred pound of you.

13336a

you know no body.

Hob. How, bones a mee, *Queene* know *Hobſon*, *Queene* know
And ſend but for one hundred pound: Friend come in; (*Hobſon*
Come in friend, ſhall haue two, *Queene* ſhall haue two:
If *Qneene* know *Hobſon*, once her *Hobſons* purſe,
Muſt be free for her ſhe is Englands Nurſe:
Come in good friend, ha, *Queene* know *Hobſon*,
Nay come in *Iohn* wee'le dine together too.
Taw. Make vp my packe and ile along from you:
Singing merrily on the way,
Poynts, Poynts, Gloues, and Purſes,
Pokingſticks, and blacke Iet-rings,
Cambricks, lawnes, and pretie things:
Come maydes and buy my backe doth crake,
I haue all that you want: what doe you lacke?
VVhat doe you lacke? *Exeunt.*

Enter Greſham and Sword-bearer.

Greſh. Our Cities Sword-bearer and my very good friend,
VVhat haue our honourable Court of Aldermen
Determin'd yet ſhall *Greſham* haue a place,
To erect this worthy building to his name,
May make the Cittie ſpeake of him for euer.
Sword. They are in earneſt counſell ſir about it.
Greſh. Be you my Agent too and fro to them,
I know your place and will be thankfull to you:
Tell them I waite here in the Maiors Court,
Beneath in the Sheriffes Court my workemen waite
In number full a hundred, my Frame is ready,
All onely ſtay their pleaſure, then out of hand
Vp goes my worke, a credite to the Land.
Sword. I ſhall be dutifull in your requeſt. *Exit.*
Greſh. Doe good M. Sword-bearer, now when this worke is (raiſ'd,
It ſhall be in the pleaſure of my life,
To come and meet our Marchants at their houre,
And ſee them in the greateſt ſtorme that is
VValke dry, and in a worke I raiſ'd for them:
Or fetch a turne within my vpper walke,
VVithin which ſquare I haue ordered Shoppes ſhall bee
Of neat but neceſſarieſt Trades in London.

If you know not me,

And in the richeſt ſort being garniſh't out,
T'will doe me good to ſee ſhops with faire wiues
Sit to attend the profit of their husbands:
Yong maides brought vpyong men as prentiſes.
Some ſhall prooue maſters and ſpeake in *Greſhams* praiſe,
In Greſhams worke we did our fortunes raiſe.
For I dare ſay both Countrey and the Court,
For wares ſhall be beholding to this worke.

Enter Sword-bearer, Lord Mayor, and Sheriffes.

Sword. *M. Greſham,*
Thus ſends the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen.
Ram. Or rather come to bring the newes our ſelfe:
We haue determin'd of a place for you
In *Corne-hill*, the delightfull of this Cittie,
Where you ſhall raiſe your Frame: the Cittie at their Charge
Hath bought the houſes aud the ground, (pound;
And payd for both three thouſand fiue hundred three & twentie
Order is giuen the houſes ſhall be ſold,
To any man will buy them and remooue them.
Shrife. Which is already done, being foureſcore houſholds,
Were ſold for 478. pound.
The plot is alſo plain'd at the Citties charges,
And wee in name of the whole Cittizens,
Doe come to giue you full poſſeſſion
Of this our purchaſe, whereon to build a Burſe,
A place for Marchants to aſſemble in,
At your owne charges.
Greſh. M. *Shrife* ile doo't, and what I ſpend therein,
I ſcorne to loſe day, neglect is a ſinne:
VVhere be my worke men? *Enter workemen.*
Work. Here, here with trowell and tooles ready at hand.
Greſh. Come fellowes, come: *Enter D. Nowell and Hobſon.*
VVe haue a Frame made, and we haue roome
To raiſe it: but M. D. *Nowell*, and *M. Hobſon*,
VVe haue your preſence in a happie time,
This ſeuenth of Iune we the firſt ſtone will lay
Of our new Burſe, giue vs ſome Brickes:
Here's a bricke, here's a faire Soueraigne,

13336a

you know no body.

Thus I begin, bee it hereafter told
I laid the firſt ſtone with'a peece of gold,
Hee that loues *Greſham* follow him in this,
The gold we lay, due to the workemen is.
Worke. O God bleſſe *M. Greſham*, God bleſſe *M. Greſham.*
Ram. The Mayor of *London M. Greſham* followes you:
Vnto your firſt this ſecond I doe fit,
And lay this peece of gold a toppe of it.
Shri. So doe the Sheriffes of *London* after you.
Hob. And bones of me, old *Hobſon* will be one,
Here's fellowys there's my gold giue me a ſtone.
Work. God forbid a man of your credite ſhould want ſtones.
D.*Now.* Is this the Plot ſir of your worke in hand?
Greſh. The whole Plot both of forme and faſhion.
D.*Now.* In ſooth it will be a good edifice,
Much Art appeares in it: in all my time
I haue not ſeene a worke of this neat forme:
VVhat is this vaultage for, is faſhioned here?
Greſh. Stowage for Marchants ware and ſtrangers goods,
As either by exchange or otherwayes are vendable.
D.*Now.* Here is a middle round and a farre ſpace,
The round is greater, and the ſpace
Seemes open: your conceite for that?
Greſh. The grates giue light vnto the Cellerage,
Vpon the which ile haue my friends to walke,
When heauen giues comfortable raine vnto the earth:
For that I will haue couered. D.*Now.* So it appears.
Greſh. This ſpace that hides not heauen from vs,
Shall be ſo ſtill, my reaſon is,
Ther's Summers heat, as well as winters colde,
And *I* allow and here's my reaſon for't,
Tis better to be bleak't by winters breath,
Then to be ſtifled vp with Summers heat:
In cold weather walke drie and thicke together,
And euery honeſt man warme one another:
In Summer then when too much heat offends,
Take aire a Gods name Marchants or my friends.
D.*Now.* And what of this part that is ouer head?

If you know not me,

Gresh. M. Deane in this:
There is more ware there then in all the reſt,
Here like a pariſh for good Cittizens
And their faire wiues to dwell in, ile haue ſhoppes
*W*here euery day they ſhall become themſelues
*I*n neat attire, that when our Courtiers
Shall come in traines to pace old *Greſhams* Burſe,
*T*hey ſhall haue ſuch a girdle of chaſte eyes,
And ſuch a globe of beautie round about:
Ladies ſhall bluſh to turne their vizards off,
And Courtiers ſweare they ly'd when they did ſcoffe.
D. *Now.* Kind *M. Greſham* this ſame worke of yours,
Will be a Tombe for you after your death,
A benefit to Tradeſmen and a place
VVhere Marchants meet their trafficke to maintaine,
*W*here neither could ſhall hurt them, heat, nor raine.
Gresh. O M *Nowell* I did not forget
The troubleſome ſtorme we had in Lumbar-ſtreet,
That time *Sir Thomas* and I were aduerſaries,
And you and M. *Hobſon* made vs friends.
I then did ſay, and now ile keepe my word,
I ſaw a want and I would helpe afford:
Nor is my promiſe giuen you when you ſhew'd
That ranke of charitable men to vs,
That I would follow their good actions
Forgot with me, but that before I die,
The world ſhall ſee Ile leaue like memorie. *A blaſing Starre.*
Hob. Fore-God my Lord, haue you beheld the like!
Looke how it ſtreakes, what doe you thinke of it?
Shir. Tis a ſtrange Comet *M. Hobſon*,
My time to my remembrance hath not ſeene
A ſight ſo wonderfull. M. D. *Nowell*,
To iudge of theſe things your experience
Exceedeth ours, what doe you hold of it?
For I haue heard that Meteors in the ayre,
Of leſſer forme, leſſe wonderfull then theſe,
Rather fore-tell of dangers imminent,
Then flatter vs with future happineſſe.

13336a

you know no body.

D.*Now.* Art may diſcourſe of theſe things none can iudge
Directly of the will of heauen in this,
And by diſcourſe thus far I hold of it.
That this ſtrange ſtarre appearing in the North,
And in the conſtellation of *Caſſiopey*,
Which with three fixed ſtarres commixt to it,
Doth make a Figure Geometrycall,
Lozengewiſe cal'd of the learned *Rombus*,
Conducted with the hourely Moone of heauen,
And neuer altred from the fixed ſphere,
Fore-tels ſuch alteration that my friends,
Heauen grant with this firſt ſight our ſorrow ends.
Hob. God, will be done M.Deane, hape what hap will,
Death doth not feare the good man but the ill.
Greſh. VVell ſaid M. *Hobſon.*
Lets haue a day, that if death come to morrow
Hee's rather meſſenger of ioy then ſorrow.
Now ſir what newes from *Barbarie*? *Enter a Factor.*
Fact. Vnwelcome newes ſir, the King of Barbarie is ſlaine.
Greſh. Ha, ſlaine by treaſon or by warre.
Fact. *By* warre, in that renowned *Battell*,
Swift Fame deſires to carry through the world:
The Battle of *Alcaſar*, wherein two Kings
Beſides this King of *Barbarie* was ſlaine,
Kings of Moroco and of Portugale,
With *Stewkeley* that renowned Engliſhman
That had a ſpirit equall with a King,
Mad fellow with theſe Kings in war-like ſtrife,
Honor'd his Countrey and concluded life.
Greſh. Could newes birladie, the venture Gentlemen
Of threeſcore thouſand pound with that dead King,
Lies in a hazard to be wonne or loſt:
In what eſtate conſiſts the Kingdome now?
Fact. In peace, and the ſucceeding happie,
Was crown'd then King when I tooke ſhip from thence.
Greſh. To that King then be Meſſenger from vs,
And by the ſound of Trumpet ſummon him:
Say that thy Maſter and a London Marchant,

Craues due performance of ſuch couenants
Confirm'd by the late King vnto our ſelfe,
That for the ſumme of three-ſcore thouſand pound,
The trafficke of his Sugars ſhould be mine.
If he refuſe the former bargaine made,
Then freely claime our money that we lent:
Say that our coyne did ſted the former King,
If he be Kind we haue as much for him.

Hob. By the Marie-god it was a dangerous day,
Three Kings beſide yong *Stewkeley* ſlaine:
*I*le tell you my Lord Maior what I haue ſeene
When ſword and bucklers were in queſtion,
I haue ſeene that *Stewkeley* beat a ſtreet before him,
He was ſo familliar growne in euety mouth,
That if it happened any fighting were,
The queſtion ſtraight was, was not *Stewkely* there.
Bones a me he would hew it. Now, what newes with you?

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Here is a Letter ſent you from *Iohn Greſham.*

Hob. O an anſwer of a Letter that I ſent,
To ſend mee Matches againſt *Briſtow faire,*
If then any were come.

Boy. I cannot tell Sir well what to call it, but in ſteed of matches of ware, when you reade your Letter, I beleeue you will find your Factor hath matcht you.

Hob. VVhat's here, what's here. *Read the Letter.*

As neare as I could geſſe at your meaning, I haue laboured to furniſh you, and haue ſent you 2. thouſand pounds worth of Match.
How, bones knaue, 2. thouſand pounds worth of Match!

Boy. Faith M. neuer chafe at it, for if you cannot put it away for Match, it may be the hang-man will by ſome of it for halters.

Hob. Bones a me, I ſent for matches of ware, fellowes of ware.

Boy. And Match being a kinde of ware, *I* thinke your Factor hath match't you.

Hob. The blaſing Starre did not appeare for nothing:
I ſent to be ſorted with matches of ware,

13336a

you know no bodie.

And he hath ſent me nought, but a commoditie of Match,
And in a time when ther's no vent for it.
VVhat doe you thinke on't Gentlemen,
I little thought *Iack* would haue ſeru'd me ſo.
Greſh. Nay M. *Hobſon* grieue not at *Iack's* croſſe,
My doubt is more and that I laugh at leſſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter 2. *Lords.*

1. *Lord.* You haue trauel'd ſir, how do you like this building?
Truſt me it is the goodlieſt thing that I haue ſeene,
England affords none ſuch.
2. *Lord.* Nor Chriſtendome:
I might ſay all the world has not his fellow.
I haue been in Turkies great *Conſtantinople*,
The Marchants there meet in a goodly temple,
But haue no common *Burſe* in *Rom*, but *Rome's*
Built after the manner of *Franckeford*, and *Emden*:
There where the greateſt Marts and meeting places
Of marchants are haue ſtreets and pent-houſes,
And as *I* might compare them to themſelues,
Like Lumber-ſtreet before this *Burſſe* was built.

Enter ſir Thomas Ramſie.

1. *Lord.* I haue ſeene the like in Briſtow.
Ram. Good morrow to your honours.
2. *Lord.* Thankes to my good Lord Major.
VVe are gazing here of M. *Greſhams* worke.
Ram. I thinke you haue not ſeene a goodlier Frame.
2. *Lord.* Not in my life, yet I haue been in *Venice*,
In the *Realto* there called S. *Markes*,
T'is but a bable if compar'd to this.
The neareſt that which moſt reſembles this,
Is the great Burſe in *Anwerpe*, yet not comparable
Either in height or widneſſe: the faire Sellerage,
Or goodly ſhoppes aboue: O my Lord Major,
This *Greſham* hath much grac't your Cittie *London*,
His fame will long out-liue him.
1. *Lord.* It is reported you ſir *Thomas Ramſie* are as rich as he.
This ſhould incite you to ſuch noble workes,
To eternize you.

Ram.

Ram. Your Lorſhip pleaſes to be pleaſant with me,
I am the meaneſt of a many men
In this faire Cittie, M *Greſhams* fame
Drawes me as a ſpectator amongſt others,
To ſee his coſt, but not compare with it.
1. *Lord.* And it is coſt indeed.
2. *Lord.* But when to fit theſe emptie roomes about here,
The pictures grauen of all the Engliſh Kings
Shall be ſet ouer and in order plac'ſt,
How glorious will it then be?
1. *Lord.* Admirable!
Ram. Theſe very Pictures will ſurmount my wealth.
1. *Lord.* But how will *M. Greſham* name this place?
2. *Lord.* I heard my L. of *Leceſter* to the Queene
Highly commend this worke, and ſhe then promiſ'd
To come in perſon and heare chriſten it,
It cannot haue a better God-mother:
This *Greſham* is a royall Cittizen.
Ram. He feaſts this day the Ruſſian Ambaſſadour,
I am a bidden Gueſt:
Where if it pleaſe you.
1. *Lord.* Good ſir *Thomas*,
VVe know what you would ſay, VVe are his Gueſts
Inuited two: yet in our way we tooke
This wonder worth our paynes, it is our way
To *Biſhop*-gate to M. *Greſhams* houſe,
Thether ſo pleaſe you wee'l aſſociate you.

Enter Greſham leading in the Ambaſſadour, Muſick, and a Banquet ſerued in: the Ambaſſadour ſet: Enter Sir Tho. Ramſie, the 2. Lords, my Lady Ramſie the Weights in Sergeants gowns with one Interpreter.

Greſh. Lords all at once welcome, welcome at once,
You come to my new buildings vp-fitting,
It hath beene long in labour now deliuer.
anon weele haue a health to it.

13336a

you know no body.

This Ruſſian Prince the Emperours Ambaſſadour
Dooth not our Language vnderſtand: Interpreter,
Say that the wee bidde him wel-come.
Inter. The Prince ſpeakes Latine,
And in that language weele interpret for him:
Salutem tibi optat & aduentum tuum grauiſſime iſte Londinenſis.
Amb. *Iſtum libens audio, ages illi meo nomine Ex animo gratias, funde quod bibamus.*
Inter. He gladly thankes you for his royall wel-come
And drinkes to you.
Greſh. We vnderſtand that ſigne.
Come let our full crown'd cups o'reflow with wine,
Wel-come againe faire Lords.
2. *Lord.* Thankes M. *Greſham.*
VVe haue beene viewing of your workes.
Greſh. My Burſe how doe you like it Lord,
It is a pretie bable.
2. *Lo.* Tis a faire worke.
Her Maieſtie intends to name the place.
Greſh. She doth her ſeruant *Greſham* too much grace,
It will be pretie when my Pictures come
To fill thoſe emptie roomes, if that holdes,
That ſhips rich is worth her waight in gold.
1. *Lo.* It will be rare and famous.
Greſh. VVhat was it that the Ruſſian whiſpered?
Inter. He aske me what interpreter the Queene
VVould in his Embaſſe imploy.
Gieſh. None, tell him none.
For though a woman, ſhe is a rare Linguiſt,
VVhere other Princes vſe Interpreters,
She *propria voce*, I haue ſome Latin too:
She of her ſelfe heares all their Embaſſies,
And her ſelfe anſwers them without Interpreter,
Both Spaniſh, Latin, French, and Greeke,
Dutch, and Italian, ſo let him know:
My Lord of *Leceſter* ſent me word laſt night,
And I am prouder on't then on my building,

If you know not me,

The Queene to grace me and my workes the more,
The ſeuerall Ambaſſadors then will heare,
And them in perſon anſwere.

2. *Lord.* T'is moſt true.

Enter a Gentleman wiſpering to ſir Thomas Ramſie.

Greſham. The Ruſſian with the Frence.
What would that Gentleman ſir *Thomas*?

Ram. He is a Marchant and a Ieweller:
Mongſt other ſtones he ſaith he hath a Pearle
Orient and round, waighing ſo many carets
That it can ſcarſe be valewed: the French king,
And many other Dukes haue for the riches
And prize refuſ'd to buy it: now he comes,
To offer it to this Ambaſſadour.

Greſh. Shew him the Pearle Interpreter:
The Lord Ambaſſadour.

Inter. *Mercator quidem & aurifex ſpectandum, tibi profert Gëmam domine ſereniſſime.*

Amb. *Et pulchra & principe digna, interroga quanti vidicat?*

Inter. He commends it to be both rich and faire,
And deſires to know how you vallew it.

Mar. My priſe ſir, is fifteene hundred pound.

Amb. *Quanti valet?*

Inter. *Mille quingentis minis,*

Amb. *Non, non nimis peccat a eſt iſta Gemma.*

Inter. He ſaith it is too deare, he will not buy it.

Greſh. I will peruſe your pearle, is that your priſe?

Mar. I cannot bate one crowne and gaine by it.

Enter a Marriner.

Greſh. Wee'l not be acceſſarie to your Loſſe,
And yet conſider all things ſome may thinke vs
To be but bare of treaſure at this time,
Hauing diſburſt ſo much about our workes:
Yet if our ſhips and Trade in *Barbarie*
Hold currant we are well: what newes from Sea,
How ſtands my ſhips?

Mar. Your ſhips in which all the Kings pictures were,
From *Brute* vnto our Queene *Elizabeth*:

13336a

you know no body.

Drawne in white marble, by a ſtorme at ſea
Is wrack't and loſt.
Greſh. The Loſſe, I way not this:
Onely it greeues me that my famous building,
Shall want ſo rich and faire an ornament.
L. Ram. It touches all the Cittie; for thoſe pictures
Had doubly grac't this royall edifice.
Ram. Me thinkes the ſhips loſſe moſt ſhould trouble you.
Greſh. My ſhips but wealth, why we haue wealth;
The pictures were the grace of my new Burſe,
So I might them in their true forme behold,
I car'd not to haue loſt their waights in gold.
1. *Lord.* A noble Citizen. *Enter a Factor.*
Greſh. Our Factor, what good newes from Barbarie?
What ſayes the King, ſpeake, didſt thou ſommon him?
Or haſt thou brought my threeſcore thouſand pound?
Or ſhall I haue the Sugars at that rate?
If ſo, new marble Pictures weele haue wrought,
And in a new ſhip from beyond-ſea brought.
Fact. The King that in the regall chaire ſucceedes
The King late dead I ſummon'd, and demaunded
Either your money tendred, or the Sugars
After the rate propoſ'd, hee denied both:
Alleaging though he was ſucceſſiue heire,
He was not therefore either tide to pay
The late Kings debts, nor yet to ſtand vnto
Vnneceſſarie bargaines: notwithſtanding
To gratifie your loue, the King hath ſent you
As preſents, not as ſatisfaction:
A coſtly dagger, and a paire of ſlippers,
And there's all for you three-ſcore thouſand pound.
Greſh. Birlady a deare bargaine.
1. *Lord.* I feare me this will plague him, a ſtrange croſſe,
How will he take this newes, loſſe vpon loſſe.
2. *Lord.* Nay, will it not vndoe him, doth he not wiſh
his buildings in his purſe.
Greſh. A dagger that's well,
A payre of ſlippers come vnto my ſhooes,

If you know not me,

What 30. thouſand pound in ſterling money,
And payd me all in ſlippes, then Hoboyes play,
On ſlippers ile daunce all my care away:
Fit, ſir, he had the iuſt length of my foot,
You may report Lords when you come to Court,
You *Greſham* ſaw a paire of ſlippers weare
Coſt thirtie thouſand pound.
1. *Lo.* Somewhat too deare. ——
G. Nor yet for all this treaſure we haue loſt,
Repents it vs one penny of our coſt.
2. *Lo.* As royall in his vertues as his buildings.
Ram. Theſe loſſes would haue kild me.
Greſh. Ieweller,
Let's ſee thy pearle: goe pound it in a Morter,
Beate it to powder then returne it me,
What Dukes, and Lordes, and theſe Ambaſſadours
Haue euen before our face refuſd to purchaſe
As of too high a price to venture on,
Greſham a London Marchant here will buy.
VVhat is it broken ſmall? fill vs ſome wine,
Fuller, yet fuller till the brim or'e-flows,
Here 16000. pound at one clap goes,
In ſtead of Sugar, *Greſham* drinkes this pearle
Vnto his Queene and Miſtreſſe: pledge it Lords,
Who euer ſaw a Marchant brauelier fraught,
In dearer ſlippers or a richer draught?
L. Ram. You are an honour to all Engliſh Marchants
As bountifull as rich, as Charitable
As rich as renowned as any of all.
Greſh. I doe not this as prodigall of my wealth,
Rather to ſhew how I eſteeme that loſſe
*W*hich cannot be regain'd, A London Marchant
Thus tread on a king's preſent: Ieweller,
My Factor ſhall deliuer you your money.
And Lords ſo pleaſe you but to ſee my Schoole,
Of the ſeuen learned liberall Sciences,
*W*hich I haue founded here neere Byſhops-gate,
I will conduct you. I will make it Lords

13336a

you know no body.

An Vniuerſitie within it ſelfe,
And giu't from my reuenewes maintenance.
W'are not like thoſe that are not liberall
Till they be dying, what wee meane to giue,
*W*ee wil beſtow, and ſee done whilſt we liue.
Attendance, come, th'ambaſſiadour, guets all,
Your welcom's great, albeit your cheer's but ſmall
Exeunt.

Enter Tawnicote with a ſpade.

Taw. Hard world, when men dig liuing out of ſtones,
As wretched miſerable I am inforc't:
And yet there liues more pittie in the earth,
Then in the flinty-boſomes of her children,
For ſhee's content to haue her aged breſt
Mangled with matrocks, rent and torne with ſpades,
To giue her children and their children bread,
*W*hen man more flinty then her ſtonie Ribbes
That was their mother, neither by intreates,
Teares, nor complaints will yeeld them ſuſtenance,
*B*ut tis our ages fault the mightier,
Teare liuing out of vs, we out of her.

Enter Hobſon in his gowne and ſlippers.

Hob. Mother a me what a thick myſt is here:
I walked abrod to take the mornings ayre,
And I am out of knowledge, bones a me
*W*hat Meads, and what Incloſures haue we here?
How now old *Hobſon*, doat in thine old age?
A foole at threeſcore, whether wilt thou wit?
I croſt the water in my gowne and ſlippers,
To ſee my rents and buildings of the Bancke-ſide,
And I am ſlipt cleane out of ken, fore-god
A wooll-gathering.

Taw. Either mine eare's deceiued,
Or I ſhould know that tongue: tis ſo indeed,
Each word he ſpeakes makes my torne heart to bleed.

Hob. Ha, ha, I ſmile at my owne foolerie,
Now I remember mine old Granmother
*W*ould talke of Fayries and Hobgoblins,

If you know not me,

That would lead milke-maides ouer hedge and ditch,
Make them milke their M. neighbours kine,
And ten to one this *Robin Godfellow*, *Tawnicote digges.*
Hath led mee vp and downe the mad mans maze.
I heare some companie, for shame all whist,
Sit thee downe *Hobson* a right man, in the mist.
Taw. Tis he alas, when the rough hand of want
Hath cast vs downe, it loades vs with mishaps:
I broke my day with him, O had that fatall houre
Broken me heart: and Villaine that I was,
Neuer so much as write in my excuse,
And he for that default hath sew'd my bill,
And with an execution is come downe
To seaze my houshold stuffe, imprison me,
And turne my wife and children out of dores.
What shall I flie him? no hee's pitifull:
Then with my teares I will importune him:
God saue you M. *Hobson.*
Hob. *Hobson*, Bones a mee,
VVhat voyce is that? art thou a man, or friend?
Tell me if thou beest that Will of the wispe,
That leadst me this wild Morice: I coniure thee
To leaue mee to my selfe.
Tim. O M. *Hobson*,
As euer you haue beene a poore mans friend,
Continue still so, Insult not or'e thy fortunes,
Hob. I am in the mist, what art thou, speake?
Tim. A Debter of your worships.
Hob. A Debter of mine, mother of me thou lyest,
I know thee not, nor doe I know this place:
If thou owest me any thing, pay mee with thy loue,
And if thou beest acquainted in these woods,
Conduct me to some Towne, or direct roade
That leads to London, and ile here discharge thee
Of debts and duties, and beside impart
Somewhat to cherish thee.
Taw. What should I thinke?
He knowes mee, and for feare I should escape him,

13336a

Hee would entice me to the Officers.
O Maſter *Hobſon* tho not for mine owne,
Yet for my wife and my poore childrens ſakes,
If your intent bee to impriſon mee,
Vpon my knees I doe intreat you ſpare mee:
The goods you truſted mee withall, I haue not waſted
In royot and exceſſe, but my kind heart,
Seeing my helpeleſſe neighbours in diſtreſſe,
By reaſon of the long and extreame dearth,
Some I relieued, ſome truſted with my goods,
Whoſe pouerties not able to repay.
Then beare with me a little, your rich ſtore
Hath ſau'd my life and fed a hundreth more.
Hob. Now bones a mee another *Tawniecote*:
What's thy name Knaue? *Taw. Iohn Rouland* ſir,
*Hobſon. B*ones a mee!
I thought as much: art not thou *Tawnicote*?
Taw. I am the man whom you cal'd *Tawniecote*.
Hob. And I the *Hobſon* that will pitie thee:
Now bones a mee, what makeſt thou with a ſpade?
Taw. This ſpade alas, tis all the wealth I haue,
VVhen my poore wife and children cry for bread,
They ſtill muſt cry till theſe haue purchaſ'd it:
They muſt goe naked till theſe hardened hands,
VVhen the cold breth of VVinter ſtrikes on them,
Till theſe haue earn'd it.
Hob. Now alas good ſoule,
It melts my heart to heare him, and mine eyes
Could weepe for companie, what earn'ſt a day?
Taw. Little God knowes:
Though I be ſtirring earelier then the Larke,
And at my labour later then the Lambe,
Towards my wife and childrens maintenance,
I ſcarſely earne me three-pence by the day.
Hob. Alas the while, poore ſoule I pittie them,
And in thy words as in a looking-glaſſe,
I ſee the toyle and trauell of the countrey,
And quiet gaine of cities bleſſedneſſe,

If you know not me,

Heauens will for all, and ſhould not we reſpect it
We were vnworthy life: but bones of me,
Doſt thou thinke to pay me twentie pound,
And keepe thy charge, earning a groat a day?

Taw. God bleſſe my labours, I hope I ſhall,
I haue this quarter by exceeding thrift,
Bare clothing, and ſpare diet ſcrap't together
Fiue ſhillings in a purſe which I lay vp,
Towards your worſhips debt.

Hob. Giue it me, ſomewhat hath ſome ſauour,
And yet ſhal I ſpend that which the poore laborer got?
No God forbid, old *Hobſon* nere will eate,
Rather then ſurfet vpon poore mens ſweat:
Take it againe, and buy thy children bread.
But ſoft the miſt doth breake, what towne is this?

Taw. Dedford and it like your worſhip.

Enter Timothie,

Hob. Bones a me, to Detford came I to doe charitie:
I ſee t'was Gods appointment:
But who comes here? bones a me honeſt *Tim*!
T'was ſaid in London you were bound for France,
And I determined to haue write by you.

Tim. By yea and nay, M. *Hobſon* tis no vntruth, I was bound for France, landed in France, diſpatch't ſome ſecret buſineſſe for a ſiſter in France, and from her haue french tokens to deliuer to the ſiſter hood, whom I ſhall firſt incounter in England.

Hob. Bones a me *Tim*, ſo ſpeedy in your iourney,
It ſeemes your buſineſſe was of much import.

Tim. Verely it was, and it ſtood chiefly betweene two women: & as you know women loue to haue their buſines dipatch't.

Hob. Mother a me *Tim*, I am glad of it,
But how doo's my factor *Iohn Greſham* in France?

Tim. Your grauety may better conſider of that then I can diſcourſe, but withall I pray you thinke hee is a wilde youth: there are Tauernes in France, yet I doe not thinke *Iohn Greſham* is giuen to frequent them, & yet I muſt remember you, he is a youth, and youth may be drawne to expences, England's on this ſide France, on it, the Sea betwixt him and his Maſter, but I doe

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13336a

not thinke him guiltie, yet I could say.

Hob. Mother of me, leaue of these Parables,
And tell me plainely, is hee not a wencher?

Tim. By yea, and by nay sir without Parable, I am no tell-tale, I haue seene him in company with Madona such a one, or such a one, it becomes not flesh and blood to reueale: your worship knowes he is in France, the Sea betwixt him and you, and what a yong youth in that case is proone vnto: your grauitie is wise, Ile not say so much as I saw him drinking with a French Lady, or Lasse in a Tauerne, because your grauitie is wise, but if I had, it had beene lesse then perhaps you imagine on such a wilde youth, as he no question doos deserue.

Hob. Mother of mee tis so, In a French Tauerne
Kissing the Ladie, and the Sea betwixt vs:
I am for you M. *Iohn:* thus in my gowne and slippers,
And night-cap and gowne ile steppe ouer to France,
Here *Tawnicote*, receiue thou my seal'd ring,
Beare it to my Factor, bid him by that token
Sort thee out fortie pounds worth of such wares
As thou shalt think most beneficiall:
Thou art a free-man, vp with thy Trade agen,
Ile raise thee *Rouland*, if God say Amen.

Taw. I know not how.

Hob. Tut bones a mee man peace,
Hobson will doo't; Tou owest me but twentie pound,
Ile venture fortie more, *Timothy* here shall be thy witnesse
To my Factor in this businesse.
To all our friends in London say, I am gone
Oner to France, I am for your M. *Iohn*, *Exeunt.*

Enter Iohn and Curtezan.

Courtez. Sweet youth thou art too yong, and yet scarse ripe
To taste the sweetnesse of my mellowed loue.

Iohn. That's the reason I set thy teeth an edge thus, but thou knowst I promis'd to haue about with thee at our last parlay, and I am come to performe my word, name the weapon.

Curtez. Nothing but kisses, and enticing lookes,

Iohn. Then ward your lips well, or youle ha the first venney.

If you know not me,

I haue no warde but this; my tender Sex
Haue not the manly ſkill to breake a thruſt:
Oh how I dote on thee! I haue tride ere now
The ſweatie Spaniard, and the carowſing Dane,
The foggy Dutch-man, and the fiery French,
The briske Italian, and indeede what not:
And yet of all and all, the Engliſhman
Shall goe for me: I yo'are the trueſt Louers,
The ableſt, laſt night, and the trueſt men
That breath beneath the Sunne.

Iohn. Why then the Engliſhman for thy money, God a mercy little rogue, there's no loue loſt ile aſſure thee. I am my Maſters Factor, and thou haſt a Commoditie that I muſt needs take vp, and not enter't into his Caſh-booke neither. Little thinkes my maſter in England, what ware I deale withall here in France; but ſince tis offer'd me at the beſt hand, ile venter on't though I be a looſer by the bargaine.

Cur. I would be priuate, leaſt the tell-tale ayre
VVhiſper our loue, I prethe let vs in,
To the inner chamber, I am iealous
Of all eyes but mine owne to looke vpon thee,
I would haue none to ſee thee but my ſelfe:
In amorous armes to fold thee but my ſelfe:
To aſſociate, talke, diſcourſe or dally with thee:
Clip, graſpe hands, or kiſſe thee but my ſelfe.

Iohn. VVho would not be a Marchant venturer, and lay out for ſuch a faire returne; I ſhall venture the doubling of my years preſently: I thinke I haue met with a better Commoditie then Marches, and my Maſter cannot ſay but hee hath met with his match: this tis to haue the Land & the Sea betwixt me & my maſter, here can I keepe my french Reuels, and none ſay ſo much as blake is mine eye, prethe litle pinckany beſtow this Iewell a me.

Curtez. This Iewel's a Loue: as ſe my life tis thine:
But this an Engliſh factor whom you know
Gaue me at his departure out of Rhoane,
And I haue vow'd to keepe it for his ſake,
Any thing but this Iewell.

Iohn. But if I could get his Iewell cleanly, and carry it him

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13336a

ouer at my returne for a token, t'were a ieſt worth laughing at: but and thou wilt not giue me this Iewell, prethe giue mee this ſame chaine to were for thy ſake.

Curtez. This was another Countrey-mans of yours,
He made me ſweare to kep't till his returne:
Aske me aught elſe, tis thine.

Iohn. Why then this Ring.

Curtez. That you of all the fauours that I weare
Could finde out nothing but this ring? This ring,
A toy not worth the giuing: yet I ſooner
Would part with life then this, a dying friend
Bequeath'd it at his death: But honey Loue
What ſhouldſt thou talke of giuing, tis a word
Worne out of vſe, it ſounds not well in French:
A man ſhould ſtill ſay take, take to his Wench.

Iohn. Then I ſay take, take this and this, ſtill take heed of me leaſt I ſhew you a ſlipperie tricke for this, tis the kindeſt wench in Chriſtendome, but ſheele part with nothing:
Shall we haue another woing Roome?

Curtez. What Rome thou pleaſeſt, deare heart I agree,
VVhere ere I goe, there ſhall be roome for thee.

Iohn. Any then, I may chance to make you wiſh rather my roome then my companie and you looke not the better too't.

They with-draw: Enter at the other ende of the Stage, Hobſon in his Gowne and ſlippers.

Hobſon. I haue ſlipt or'e into France, and in my ſlippers
Giuen all my friends the ſlippe, to ſee this Gallant
My man, he that hath matcht me: bones a me,
The knaue's a Prophet, elſe it could not be.
Hee's not at his Lodging; yet by an Engliſh Factor,
A fellow knowes not me, I was directed
Vnto this houſe, Ile know what buſines
The knaue hath here. *Pulſat.*

Intrat Puella.

Wench. VVhoſe there? whoſe at the doore? (man?

Hob. Damſell good day, is there not a fellow here an Engliſh-

Wench. Here's an Engliſh-man, but none of your fellow neither: I hope ſir we are not all fellowes at foote-ball.

If you know not me,

Hob. Nay bones a me Girle, there's no reaſon we ſhould be fellowes, but prethe my wench is there not one *Iack Greſha* here?

Wench. No goodman looke like a Gooſe, but ther's one M. *Iohn Greſham* an Engliſh Gentleman here: and you know no maners, you would be taught ſome.

Hob. Bones a me goodman Maſter, Maſter ſeruant,
Old goodman *Hobſon* keeps *G*entlemen to his men
Iacke turn'd to M. *Iohn*, mary ſir reuerence,
The french maid taught me manners: well I hope
VVe ſhall haue a ſight of the Gentleman.

Wench. As you vſe your ſelfe you may, and you may not.

Exit Ambo.

Fact: Curtiz.

Iohn. Thou ſeeſt this Iewell well becomes mine eare,
This Ring my fignger, and this chaine myne arme.

Curtez. Ile be thy Iewell at thy lippes ile hang,
And as this Ring thy finger compaſſeth,
So ſhall theſe armes thy waſte: theſe are but toyes,
Let me diſplace them. *Intrat Puella.*

Wench. M. *Iohn* here's a fellow below would ſpeake with you.

Iohn. VVith me, what is he?

Wench. A ſimple Coxecombe, ile call him vp to you.

Iohn. Doe my ſweet *Buffamacke*: ſome Carryer or baſe knaue that hangs of my liberalitie: I hope tis not pure *Tim*, come for the ſecond part of my beneuolence:
Admit him in that he may praiſe our fate,
And ſee vs in our choiſeſt pompe and ſtate.

Wench. Here's the fellow I told you of ſir.

Intrat Hobſon.

Iohn. Zoones my Maſter.

Hob. Sante amen: Man *Iohn*, a wenchart Knaue, racke and manger knaue: bones a me, cannot a ſnatch and away ſerue your turne, but you muſt lie at racke and manger? Is this the ware you deale with ſeruant *Iohn*?

Iohn. Chap-mans ware ſir.

Hob. Sirra, Sirra, the dealing with ſuch warre belongs not to our Trade: bones a me knaue, a Prentiſe muſt not occupie for himſelfe but for his Maſter, to any purpoſe.

Iohn

13336a

you know no body.

Iohn. And hee cannot occupie for his Maſter without the conſent of his Miſtreſſe.

Hob. Come y'are a knaue.

Ioh: Of your owne bringing vp ſir.

Hobſ. Beſides, thou canſt not keepe open ſhop here, becauſe thou art a forrainer, by the lawes of the Realme.

Ioh: Not within the libertie: but I hope the ſuburbs tollerates any man or woman to occupie for themſelues, they may doo't in the Citie too, and they be naturaliz'd once.

Hobſ: I but ſirra, Ile haue none of my Engliſh Prentiſes Frenchefied; bones a me knaue, Ile haue thee deale with no ſuch broken Commodities.

Ioh: Your Worſhip muſt haue ſuch as the Countrey yeelds, or none at all. But I pray ye ſir, what's our trade?

Hobſ. What ſayſt thou knaue?

Iohn. That your worſhip is a Haberdaſher of all wares.

Hobſ: Bones of me, a Haberdaſher of ſmall wares.

Ioh: And that the worſt trade in all Chriſtendome, and eſpecially for French women: If they know a man to be a Haberdaſher of ſmall ware, thei'le haue no dealing with him, and therefore and you will haue any good Commodities here, you muſt change your copie, you neuer were a traueller: and therefore you know not what belongs too't; but you doe cleane miſtake this Gentlewoman, and you take her for a light wench, weigh her in equall ballance, and you ſhall find her no ſuch woman, no ſuch woman Ile aſſure you.

Hobſ: No, what is ſhe then *Iohn*?

Ioh: Fore God ſir, I would not haue you wrong the Gentlewomans repute, for a world. This *Metreſſa* deales for her ſelfe and hath many ſorts of ware at commaund, I was now bargaining with her about a certaine Countrey Commoditie, and had not your cõming mar'd the Match, one had gone through for't. And further ſhould you wrong the Ladies reputation heere in Fraunce, Ile aſſure you they haue the law of their ſides. but to confirme your good opinion of her, this is ſhe of whom I tooke vp your Commoditie of Matches; be ſorry for your offence, and excuſe you to her for ſhame maiſter.

Hobſ: Bones a me knaue, I cannot ſpeake a word of French.

Ioh. Nor ſhe of Engliſh, but al's one; vpon her Maſter, and what you cannot doe in words, perfourme in dumbe ſignes:
What in your ſlippers come to take me napping!
Ile giue you what you come for inſtantly,
And on the ſudden make you ſo agaſt,
You will be glad to pardon what is paſt.

Hobſ: Madam, I crie you mercie for this wrong
Done to your Ladyſhip, I did ſuſpect you
For a bad liuer, but I ſee you cleare,
For which miſtake, I doe remaine your ſeruant.

Courtez: Gramercie Mounſier.

Hobſ: How, would you my gray Mare ſee? If it like your Ladyſhip, I came by water, and neither of Mares backe, nor horſe backe.

Courtez: No, no point parla Francoi.

Hobſ: No indeed Ladie, my name is not *Frauncis*, your ſeruant and *Iohn Hobſon*.

Courtez: No point?

Hobſ. No points; yes indeed Ladie, I haue points at my hoſe, though I goe vntruſt.

Courtez: No point parla.

Hobſ: I haue no points in my parlour indeede, but I haue a hundred pounds worth in my ſhop. *Intrat Ioh: cum alijs Fact.*

Iohn. Tuſh feare not lads, for he knowes none of you,
Doe but buffe out a little broken French,
And hee'le neuer take you to be Engliſhmen.

Omnes Fact. We'le ſecond the tother, but mannage it.

Ioh. Be patient I beſeech you Gentlemen,
Though you be officers, appointed here
To ſearch ſuſpected places, as this is
A moſt notorious filthy bawdie houſe,
And carrie all old ruſtie Fornicators
Aboue the age of fiftie vnto priſon,
Yet know, this is an honeſt Gentleman.

Hobſ. A ſearch, and this a bawdie houſe! why *Iohn*,
Bones a me knaue, How comes this to paſſe?

1. *Fact.* *Meaſar man a moy.*

Hobſ. How, muſt you haue money of me? Ile know where-

fore

13336a

fore firſt, by your leaues.

Iohn. Nay Maſter I would it were but a money matter,
A Cage, or whipping-poſt, or ſo, tis worſe:
What an old man to chide his Prentiſe hence,
As if he had ſome priuat buſineſſe,
And then himſelfe get cloſe vnto his wench;
Nay whippping's all too good, had you found me ſo,
There had been worke ynough, there had been newes
For England, and a whole twelue monthes chiding
Of my good vncle.

2. Fact. *Ie vow ſtre ſau Amu't.*

Hobſ. How, muſt I goe to priſon for doing amiſſe?

Ioh. To priſon? nay to whipping, I am ſorrie,
And to my power I will intreat for you: Fie Maſter, fie.

Hobſ Bones a me *Iohn*, is not this a Ladie?

Ioh. No by my troth Maſter, ſuch as in the Garden-allies
Ioane's as good as this French Ladie.

Hobſ. Is not this Gentlewoman a dealer?
And hath ſhe not a good commoditie?

Ioh. Yes by my faith ſir, I confeſſe both.

Hobſ. Hath ſhe not ware?

Ioh. She hath, and at a reaſonable reckoning.

Hobſ. And may not then a chapman deale with her?

Ioh. Marry may ye ſir, and Ile ſend news to your wife of your dealing:
The cauſe of your cõming to *France* ſhalbe knowne,
And what ſecond hand commodities you tooke vp
Since your comming, my miſtreſſe in *England* ſhall know
What vtterance you haue for your ſmall wares in *Fraunce*:
Pen and inke, Ile ſet it downe in blacke and white,

Hobſ Bones a me *Iohn*, what *Iohn*? why honeſt *Iohn*?

Ioh. Harty commendations—vnderſtand,—reuerend maſter *Holſon* found with a whore in *Roane*,——place, a common bawdie houſe,—— muſt be whipt.

Hobſ No more good *Iohn*.

Ioh. You haue had none yet,——whipt about the towne.

Holſ. Sweet honeſt *Iohn*, why bones a me knaue *Iohn*.

Io. In witnes wherof, all theſe honeſt gentlemen eie-witneſſes,
haue ſet to their hands, nay my miſtreſſe ſhall know't, that's flat:

are

are there not Wenches ynow in England, but you muſt walke ouer ſea in your ſlippers, and venture (being not ſhod) to come into Fraunce a wenching, what an old man too! ſhe ſhall know what a ſlipperie tricke you would haue ſerued her in your ſlippers in Fraunce.

Hobſ: Nay, bones a me *Iohn*, friends, ſweet *Iohn* all friends; I doe confeſſe tha'ſt o'reacht thy maſter.
Ca me, ca thee, conceale this from my wife,
And Ile keepe all thy knaueric from thine vncle.

Ioh: Well ſir, In hope of amendment, I am content, and yet

Hobſ: Nay, bones a me, Ile take you at your word,
Beſides I hope theſe honeſt Gentlemen
Will ſaue my credite.

Ioh: Ile entreat for you.

Hobſ: Tis Logicke to me ſir, I vnderſtand you not.

Ioh: Marry ſir they ſay, if you will walke with them to their lodgings, for my ſake they inuite you to dinner.

Hobſ. God a mercie Gentlemen, God a mercie *Iohn*, but bones a me knaue, where are their lodgings?

Ioh: Hard by, for why doe you aske?

Hobſ: I hope they'le bring me to no more bawdie houſes, I would not be taken napping againe for two and one:
But Gentlemen Ile accept of curteſie, and then *Iohn*
You ſhall with me to England, weele ſhew *Fraunce*
Our backs. And you will needs deale for your ſelfe,
Afore your time, you ſhall doo't in England.
VVill you walke Gentlemen?

Curteſ: Adue Mounſier, and *Greſham* farewell too,
No more of French loue, no more french loſſe ſhall doe. *Exeunt.*

Enter ſir Thomas Ramſey being Maior, Sheriffe, Sword-bearer. &c.

Sir Tho: VVell ſayd my Maſters, ſee all things be readie,
To giue her Maieſtie ſuch entertaine
As may grace London, and become the ſtate
Her highneſſe brings along,
VVher's the Queene now?
She comes along the Strand from *Sommerſet* houſe,
Through Temple-barre, downe fleet-ſtreet, and the cheape,

13336a

you know no body.

The North side of the Burse to Bishops gate,
And dines at master *Greshams*, and appoints
To returne on the South side through Corne-hill,
And there when she hath viewd the roomes aboue,
And walkes below, she'le giue name to the *Burse*.
Sheriffe. The streets are fit, and all the Companies
Plac't in their liueries gainst her returne.
But my Lord Maior, shall these ambassadors
This day haue audience?
Sir Thom: Admittance if not audience was graunted,
See therefore Trumpets, and all kinds of Musicke
Be plac't against her royall interuiew,
The steps with Arras spread where she ascends,
*Be*sides giue charge vnto the shop-keepers
To make their best shewes in the vpper roomes,
*Be*cause the Queene intends to compasse it.
Sheriff. Tis done my Lord.

Trumpets a farre off.

Sir Tho: The Queen hath din'd, the Trumpets sound already,
And giue note of her comming, bid the Waites
And Hoboyes to be readie at an instant.

Enter at one dore the Queene, Leceſter, Suſſex, Lords, Greſham; at the other Caſſemer, the French and Florentine Ambaſſadours, Sir Tho: Ramſey, &c.

Queen. *Lester* and *Sussex*, are those the Ambassadors?
Lest. They are dread Soueraigne, he that formost stands,
The Emperours, the second is the French,
The last is the Florentine.
Queen. We will receiue them.

Here the Queene entertaines the Ambaſſadors, and in their ſeuerall languages confers with them.

Sussex and *Lester* place the ambassadours,
We at our Court of *Greenwich* will dilate
Further of these designes, where's *Gresham*?
Gresh. Your humble subiect and seruant.
Queen. Our leasure now serues to surucy your *Burse*,
A goodly frame, a rare proportion.

If you know not me,

This Cittie our great Chamber cannot ſhew vs
To adde vnto our fame, a monument
Of greater beautie: *Leceſter* what ſayſt thou?
Leceſt. That I my Soueraigne haue not ſeen the like.
Queen. *Suſſex* nor you?

Enter Hobſon.

Suſſ. Madam not I: This *Greſhams* worke of ſtone,
VVill liue to him when I am dead and gone.
Hob. God bleſſe thy Grace Queene *Beſſe.*
Queen. Friend, what are you?
Hob. Knoweſt thou not mee Queene? then thou knoweſt no (body:
Bones a me Queen, I am *Hobſon*, and old *Hobſon*
By the Stockes, I am ſure you know me.
Queen. VVhat is he *Leceſter*, dooſt thou know this fellow?
Greſham or you?
Greſh. May it pleaſe your Maieſtie,
He is a rich ſubſtantiall Citizen.
Hob. Bones a me woman ſend to borrow money
Of one you doe not know, there's a new tricke:
Your Grace ſent to me by a Purſeuant,
And by a priuie Seale to lend your Highneſſe
An hundred pound: I hearing that my Queene
Had need of money, and thinking you had knowne me,
Would needes vpon the bearer, force two hundred:
The Queene ſhould haue had three rather then faile,
I by this hand Queene *Beſſe*, I am olde *Hobſon*
A Haberdaſher, and dwelling by the Stockes:
VVhen thou ſeeſt money with thy Grace is ſcant,
For twice fiue hundred pound thou ſhalt not want.
Queen. Vpon my bond.
Hob. No, no my Soueraigne,
Ile take thine owne word without skrip or ſcrowle.
Queen. Thankes honeſt *Hobſon*, as I am true mayde,
Ile ſee my ſelfe the money backe repayd:
Thou without grudging lendeſt, thy Purſe is free,
Honeſt as plaine.
Suſſ. A true well meaning man I warrant him.
Greſh: Your Maieſtie promiſt to giue the name

13336a

you know no body.

To my new Burſe.

Queen. *Greſham* we will. A Herauld and a Trumpet.

Left. A Herauld and a Trumpet.

Queen. Proclaime through euerie high ſtreet of this citie,
This place to be no longer cal'd a Burſe,
But ſince the building's ſtately, faire and ſtrange,
Be it for euer cal'd, the Royall Exchange. *A floriſh here.*
And whil'ſt this voice flyes through the citie forth-right,
Ariſe Sir *Thomas Greſham* now a Knight.
Be our Ambaſſadors conducted all
Vnto their ſeuerall lodgings: this 23. of Ianuarie
A thouſand, fiue hundred, and ſeuentie, *Elizabeth*
Chriſtens this famous worke: now to our Court
Of *Greenwich*; *Greſham*, thankes for our good cheere:
We to our people, they to vs are deere.

Enter Nowell and Ladie Ramſie.

La: Ram: What thinke you of my Husband maſter Deane,

Now: As of all men, we are mortall, made of clay,
Now healthfull, now craſie; now ſicke, now well;
Now liue, now dead, and then to heauen, or hell.

La. Ram: It cheer's my heart, now in his deepe of ſickneſſe,
He is ſo charitable, and ſo well addicted
Vnto the poore's reliefe.

Now: It ioyes me too:
Great is the number of the rich in ſhew
About the Citie, but of the charitable,
There are but few.

La. Ram. Amongſt theſe, I hold old *Hobſon* well deſeru's
To be ranckt equall with the bountiful'ſt:
He hath raiſ'd many falling, but eſpecially
One maſter *Rowland*, one cal'd *Tawnicote*:
But now an able Citizen late choſen
A Maiſter of the Hoſpitall.

Now. I know him well,
A good ſufficient man, and ſince he purchaſt
His Freedome in the Citie God hath bleſt
His trauaile with increaſe.

La: Ram: I haue knowne old *Hobſon*,

If you know not me,

Sit with his neighbour *Gunter* a good man,
In Christs Church morne by morne, to watch poore couples
That come there to be married, and to be
Their common fathers, and giue them in the Church,
And some few Angels for a dower to boot,
Besides they two are cal'd the common Gossops
To witnesse at the Funt for poore mens Children,
Nor they refuse that on their helpe doe call,
And to speake truth, they're bountifull to all. *Enter Hobson.*

Hobs. Good morrow Master Doctor; my good Ladie!
Bones a me woman, thou look'st sad to day,
Thou hast not drunke a cup of sacke this morning.

La: Ram. We haue been dealing of our charitie
This morning, to poore souldiers such as want.

Hobs. Gods blessing of your heart, need must be fed,
Let vs that haue it giue the hungrie bread.

Enter Rowland alias Tawnicote.

Taw. Where's master *Hobson*?

Hobs. My new elected master of the Hospitall,
What hasty newes with you?

Taw. Oh sir, the loue I beare you makes me charie
Of your good name, your credit's deere to me;
You neuer were condemn'd for any thing,
Since I had first acquaintance with your name;
As now you are, you haue done a deed this day,
That hath from you tane all good thoughts away.

Hobs. Where? bones a me why? speake, why?

Taw. This day, you haue pursu'd the law seuerely
Against one *Timothy*, that stole from you
A hundred pound, and hee's condemn'd for it,
And this day he must die.

Hobs. Bones man, tis not so.

Taw. He is by this, halfe way to Tyburne gone;
The suit was followed in *Iohn Greshams* name,
How can you then avow you know it not?

Hobs. A horse, a horse, cart-horse, mault horse, any thing
To saue the knaues life, I protest, I sweare
This was the first time that I heard the knaue

13336a

Hath beene in any trouble, bones of mee,
T'was done without my knowledge.
Taw. Yong *Gresham* in his name pursude his life.
Hob. They are knaues both, a Horse,
A hundred thousand pound cannot make a man:
A hundred shall not hang one by my meanes:
Men are more worth then monie M. *Rouland*,
Come helpe me to a horse, the next I meete,
To saue the knaue's life galloppes through the street.
Exit Hobson and Tawnicote.
Now. Men are more worth then money, a say's true:
Tis said by many but mantain'd by few.
Lady. He is plaine and honest, how many great professors
Liue in this populous Cittie, that make shew
Of greater zeale, yet will not pay so deare
For a transgressors life: but few are found,
To saue a man would loose a hundred pound, *Enter Tawincote.*
Now. So suddenly return'd?
Taw. He rid to fast for me he hath been at buffets
With a poore Collier, and vpon his horse,
Is without saddle, bridle, bootes or spurres,
Gallop't toward S. *Gyles.*
Now. They will take him for a mad man.
Taw. Als one to him he doo's not stand on brauery
So he may doe men good, good deeds excell:
And though but homely done, may be done well:
Lady. Heauen prosper his intent: now M. Doctor,
And M. *Rouland*, let me craue your companies,
To see my crazy husband, who hath made you
One of his executors, and would vse your paines
In these extreames of sickenesse.
Now. I am pleas'd
Ile giue him phisicke for a soule diseas'd. *Exeunt.*
Enter three Lords.
1. You are an early riser, my good Lord,
2 The blood of Youth that trafficks in the court
Must not be sluggish, your kind remembrance: (the trayne
3 My very good Lord, wee that are stars that waight vpon

If you know not me,

Of such a *Cynthia* vnder which we liue
Must not be *Tarde*.
1. You haue said true, we are starters in one houre,
And our attendance is to waight on such a Queene,
VVhose vertue all the world: but to leaue that
VVhich euery tongue is glad to commune with,
Since *Monsiers* first arriuall in the land,
The time that he was here, and the time since,
VVhat royaltie hath beene in Englands Court,
Both princely reuelling, and war-like sport.
2. Such sports doe fitly fit our Nation,
That forraine eyes beholding what we are,
May rather seeke our peace, then wish our warre.
3. Heauen blesse our Soueraigne from her foes intent,
The peace we haue, is by her gouernment. *Enter Doctor Parry.*
1. M. Doctor *Parry*.
2: Good Morrow M. Doctor.
3. You are an early riser sir.
Doctor. My Lord, my Lord, my very good Lord.
1. This Summer morning makes vs couetous
To take the profit of the pleasant ayre.
Doct. Tis healthfull to be stirring in a Morning.
2. It hath pleasde the Queene to shew him many fauours,
3. You say but right, and since his last disgrace,
The cause so great it had surely touch't his life,
Had not the Queene beene gracious: he seemes at Court
A man more gratious in our Soueraignes eye
Then greater subiects.
2. She hath giuen him much preferment,
In greatest place grac't him with conference:
Ask't for him in his absence, and indeed
Made knowne to vs he is one in her regard.
3. But did you neuer here the cause of his disgrace?
3. He did intend the murther of a Gentleman,
One M. *Hare* here of the Inner Temple,
And so far brought his purpose to effect,
That M. *Hare* being priuate in his Chamber,
Hee watching as he thought fit time, broke in vpon him;

13336a

But he assaulted so, behau'd himselfe,
That he did guard himselfe, and attach't him.
From whence he was committed vnto New-gare,
And at the Sessions by twelue honest men,
Found guilty of Burglarie and condemn'd to die:
And had di'd, had her Grace not pardon'd him.
2. Shee is a gracious Princesse vnto all,
Many shee raiseth, wisheth none should fall.
1. Fie M. Doctor,
Your face beares not the habite it was wont,
And your discourse is altered, what's the matter?
Doct. And if my brow be sad or my face pale,
They doe belie my heart, for I am merry.
1. Men beeing as you are, so great in grace
With such a royall Princesse, haue no reason.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Roome Gentlemen for my L. high Steward.

Enter the Earle of Leceſter, all the Lords flocke after him, & exeunt.

Manet Parry.

Doct. The discontend desire to be alone,
My wishes are made vp, for they are gone.
Here are no blabs but this, and this one clocke
Ile keepe from going with a double locke:
Yet it will strike, this day it must be done.
What must be done? what must this engine doe?
A deed of treason hath prepar'd mee too.
These too, these too, why they had life by her,
And shall these two kill their deliuerer?
The life that makes me rise? these once my sinne
Had forfeited, her mercie pardon'd me:
I had beene eaten vp with wormes ere this,
Had not her mercie giuen a life to this:
And yet these hands if I performe my oth,
Must kill that life, that gaue a life to both.
I haue tane the Sacrament to doo't, confe'rd
With Cardinal *Cemo* about it, and receiu'd
Full absolution from his Holynes,

If you know not me,

Beene ſatisfied by many holy fathers,
During my trauels both in France and Italie,
The deed is iuſt and meritorious,
And yet I am troubled when I doe remember
The excellencie of her Maieſtie,
And I would faine deſiſt, but that I know
How many vowes of mine are gone to heauen,
My letters and my promiſes on earth,
To holy fathers and graue Catholikes:
That I would doo't for good of Catholicks.
Then in the Garden where this day ſhee walkes,
Her graces I will caſt behind mine eyes, *Enter Gen.*
And by a ſubiects hand, a Soueraigne dyes.
Gent. Cleare the way Gentlemen for the Queene:
Maſter Doctor *Parry*. *Exit Gent.*
Doct. O, let me ſee a difference in this man!
Before this Queene (that I am come to kill)
Shew'd me the gracious eye of her reſpect,
And gaue me countenance mong'ſt greateſt Earles;
This man was forwarder to thruſt me forth,
Then now he is humble to accept me in.
If then her Grace hath honour'd me ſo much,
How can this hand giue her a treacherous touch?
The Trumpets ſpeake, heauen what ſhall I doe?
Euen what hell, & mydam'd heart ſhal thruſt me too.
Enter Queen, Leceſter, and Lords.
Queen. Faire day my Lords, you are all Larkes this morning,
Vp with the Sunne, you are ſtirring earely.
Leceſt. VVe are all ſubiects to your Soueraignes light.
Queen. That you call dutie we accept as loue,
And we doe thanke you, nay we thanke you all;
Tis not to one, but tis in generall.
Leſt. The Queene would walke apart, forbeare my Lords.
Doct. Now, what makes me ſhake?
Doe Angels guard her, or doth heauen partake
Her refuge?
Queene. In ſuch a Garden may a Soueraigne,
Be taught her louing ſubiects to maintaine;

Each

13336a

you know no body.

Each Plant vnto his nature and his worth,
Hauing full cherishing, it springeth foorth.
VVeedes must bee weeded out, yet weeded so,
Till they doe hurt, let them a Gods name grow.
Doct. Now *Queene.* *He offers to shoote.*
Queen. VVho's there, my kind friend M. Doctor *Parry*?
Doct. My most dread Soueraigne.
Queen. VVhy doe you tremble M. Doctor? haue you any suite
Shake not at vs, we doe our Subiects loue, (to vs?
Or doos thy face shew signes of discontent
Through any heauie want oppresseth thee?
Though at our Court of Greene-wich thou wert crost
In suing to be Master of Saint Katherines,
To doe thee good seeke out a better place,
Shee'le giue thee that, the which hath giuen thee grace.
Doct. I know your loue dread Queene: Now.
Queen. M. Doctor, about the talke we had together,
Of English Fugitiues that seeke my life:
You told mee of them I am beholding to you.
Doct. I did no more then dutie: O happie time!
Queen: And will they still persist? doe they desire my blood?
That wake when I should sleepe to doe them good.
Doct. Madam.
Queen. O my maker! *Parry*, Villaine, Traitour,
VVhat doost thou with that Dagge?
Doct. Pardon dread Soueraigne.
Queen. Pardon thou villaine, shewes thou art a Traitour,
Treason my Lords, Treason. *Enter the Lords.*
Leic. Ha, by the ble'st place of heauen, treason & we so neere?
A Traitour with a Dagge, Gods holy mother.
Lords guard the Queene: are you not frighted Madam?
Ile play the Sergeant to arrest the wretch.
Queen. Be not so rash good Leceſter, hee's dead already,
Strucke with remorce of that he was come to doe:
Pray let me speake with him: Say M. Doctor,
VVherein haue I deseru'd an ill of you,
Vnlesse it were an ill in pardoning you.
What haue I done toward you to seeke my life,

If you know not me,

Vnleſſe it were in taking you to grace.

Doct. Mercie dread Queene.

Queen. I thanke my God, I haue mercie to remit
A greater ſinne, if you repent for it. Ariſe.

Leceſt. My Lords what do you meane, take hence that villain,
Let her alone, ſheele pardon him againe:
Good Queene we know you are too mercifull,
To deale with Traitours of this monſtrous kinde.
Away with him to the tower, then to death,
A Tratours death, ſhall ſuch a Traitour haue,
That ſeekes his Soueraignes life that did him ſaue.

Queene. Good *Leceſter.*

Leſt. Good Queene you muſt be rul'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter Iacke Greſham.

Iohn. Nay ſfoote *Iacke*, hold on thy reſolution: they ſay, that may happen in one houre that happens not againe in 7. yeare, and I ſhould chance to take her in the right vaine, and ſhe kindly beſtow her ſelfe vpon me, why then there's a man made from nothing, for before God I haue ſpent all and am not worth any thing, and indeed vnleſſe this ſame good old Ladie *Ramſie* take ſome pitie vpon me & take me for better for worſe, God knowes in which of the two Counters I ſhall keepe my next Chriſtmas in, but by this hand if ſhee will accept of mee in this miſerable eſtate that I am in now, for before God, I haue neither money nor credite, as I am an honeſt man, and thats more I am fear'd, then any man will beleeue of mee, ile forſweare all women but her, & wil not kiſſe any of my neighbours wiues for a kingdome. heres the houſe, Ile knock at the doore: what ſhal I doo't in the Cauellere humour, with whoſe within there Ho, or in the Puritane humour, with by your leaue good brother: faith in neither, for in the one I ſhall be taken for a ſwaggring knaue, and in the other to be an hypocriticall foole: but honeſt *Iacke* in thine own honeſt humour plaine dealing's a Iewel, and I haue vſ'd it ſo long I am next doore to a begger. *Enter 2. Creditors.*

But Gods precious, what a plague make theſe here? theſe 2. are two of my Creditors, I muſt ſtoppe their mouthes, fleet them from hence, or all the fats in the fire.

1. M. *Greſham*, you are well met.

Iohn.

13336a

Iohn. I hope Gentlemen you will say so anon. But you are alone, are you not?

2. Alone M. *Gresham*, why doe you aske?

Iohn. A man hath reason to aske, beeing as I am, that neuer seeth his Creditors, but is a feard of the Catch-pole. But you are kind my friends, and I thanke you, you will beare with me.

1. I but M. *Gresham*, a man may beare till his backe breake.

Iohn: I, Porters may; but you, that are sustantiall honest Cittizens, there is no feare to be made of your breaking, you know there's no man so low but God can raise him; and though I am now out at heeles, or so as you thinke, I am in the way of preferment, & hope to be able to pay euery man within this houre.

1. We should be glad to see it. 2. But how pray Sir?

Iohn. How? why very easily, if I can compasse it: The truth is, though you would litle thinke it, I am a sutor for my L. *Ramsey*.

1. But I dare sware she is no suter to you.

Enter Lady Ramsie, and D. Nowel.

Iohn. Why that's true too; for if shee were a Suter to mee, we should be man and wife straight & you should haue your money within this halfe houre. But looke, looke where shee comes: as you are good-men mum, patience and pray for my proceedings: If I do speed as I am partly perswaded, you shall haue your own with the aduantage, if I should be crost you know the worst, forbearance is no acquitance: but mum, if it prooue a match & any of you should chance to be in the Counter, you know my marriage being spred, my word wil be currant, then mum.

Now. Madam you are welcome into Lumber-street.

Lady. I thanke your curtesie, good M. Deane.

Ioh: See how fortunately all things chance, if it happen as I hope it wil, she taking a liking to me, here is a Priest to marry vs presently Madam. *Lady:* Would you any busines with me sir?

Iohn. Faith Lady necessary busines, & not to go far about the bush, I am come to be a Suter vnto you, & you know the fashion of yong men when they come a woing to ancient widowes, the way to speed is to begin thus. *La:* You are very forward sir.

Ioh: You would say so Lady if you knew how forward I would be: but Madam you are rich, and by my Troth I am very poore, and I haue been as a man should say starke naught: but hee goes

farre that neuer turnes, and if now I haue a desire to mend & being in so good a way, you know how vncharitable it were in you to put mee out of it, you may make an honest man of mee, if it, please you: and when thou hast made mee one, by my Troth *Mall* ile keepe my selfe, for I am a Gentle man both by the fathers side and mothers side, and though I haue not the mucke of the world I haue a great deale of good Loue, and I prethee accept of it.

Lady. M. Deane.
Doe you know this Gentlemans businesse to me.

Now. Not I, beleeue me Madam.

Iohn. I shall haue her sure: why ile tell you Sir, my Lady here is a comely, ancient, rich widow, & I am a honest, propper, poore young man, remembring stil I am a Gentleman, now what good her riches may doe to her pouertie, your grauetie may gesse: saue a soule perhaps M. Deane, looke you sir, it is but giuing my hand into hers, and hers into mine: M. Deane, I protest before God shee hath my heart already, and with some three or foure words which I know you haue by rote, make vs two my Ladie and I, one till death vs depart.

Lady. This Gentleman thinks that to be a matter of nothing, But doe you loue me as you doe protest?

Iohn. Loue you Madam, loue you by this hand: I shall haue her sure, friends you see how the businesse goes forward, bring me your billes to morow morning, or vpon the hope that I haue, you may leaue them with me, I shall be able to discharge; Ha, ha, *Iacke.*

Ladie. How will you maintaine me Sir, if I should marry you?

Iohn. Maintaine, what needst thou aske that question? Foote thou hast maintenance ynough for thee and I too. If I should marry you! Friends, you see how it goes now, to morrow within an houre after I am married, I must take the vpper hand of my Vncle, and the next Sunday I that was scarce worthy to sit in the Belserie, the Church-wardens fetch me, and seat me in the Chauncell.

Lady. M. Deane, I protest, neuer since I was widow,
Neuer did man make so much loue to me.

13336a

you know no body.

Sir for your loue, I am much beholding to you.

Ioh. Doe *Mall*, prethee doe not thinke it ſo, be choſen one of the common Counſell, or one of the Maſters of the Hoſpitall, ſo perhaps I ſhall neuer become it, marrie if I ſhould bee choſen one of the Maiſters of *Bridewell*, for ſome of my old acquaintance; fut, I would take it vpon me, vice muſt be corrected, vice muſt be corrected.

La: Ram: Fill me a large cup full of Hippocriſt,
And bring me hither 20. li. in gold.

Iohn. And one of your husbands Liuery Gownes, ſo now you trouble your ſelfe ſo much, that gold is to contract vs withall: a ſimple morning: Friends, you cannot beat me downe with your bils. M. Deane of Poules I pray you ſtay and dine with me you ſhall not ſay mee nay, the oftner you come, the more welcome.

Now. You are merry ſir.

Iohn. I thanke God, and all the world may ſee I haue no other cauſe,
That I am likely to be ſo well beſtowed.

Lady. Sir, you ſhall not ſay the loue you ſhew'd to me,
Was entertain'd but with kind curteſie:
This for your loue, vnto your health I drinke.
Pledge me.

Iohn. I by my Torth *Mall* will I, weare it as deepe as a well.

Ladie. Now for your paines there is twentie pound in gold.
Nay, take the Cuppe too ſir, thanks for your loue:
And were my thought's bent vnto marriage,
I rather would with you that ſeeme thus wild,
Then one that hath worſe thoughts and ſeemes moe mild.

Iohn. Foote will you not haue me then?

Lady. Yes, when I meane to marry any one,
And that not whilſt I liue.

Iohn. See how a man may bee deceiued: I thought I ſhould haue beene ſure by this time: well, though I ſhall not haue you, I ſhall haue this with a good will.

Ladie. Withall my heart, and for the Loue you haue ſhowne,
Wiſh it to thriue with you euen as mine owne.

1. To Morrow ſhall we attend your worſhip:

2. Sir her's my bill, it comes to twentie pound.

13336a

Iohn. Friends, *Ploydens* Prouerbe, *The Caſe is altered:* and by my troth I haue learn'd you a Leſſon, *Forbearance is no Acquittance.*

Lady. VVhat men are theſe?

Iohn. Faith Madam, men that haue my hand, though not for my honeſty, yet for the money that I owe them.

Lady. What doth he owe you?

1. Fiftie pound, Madame.

Lady. What you?

2. A hundred Markes.

Lady. Ile pay you both: and ſir to doe you good,
To all your Creditors Ile doe the like.

Iohn. That's ſaid like a kinde wench,
And though we neuer meet againe,
We will haue one *Buſſe* more at parting:
And now I faith I haue all my wilde oates ſowen,
And if I can grow rich by the helpe of this,
Ile ſay I roſe by Lady *Ramſies* kiſſe. *Exeunt.*

A peale of Chambers.

Enter Queene, Hunſdon, Leceſter, Drum, Colours, and Souldiers.

Queene. A ſtand there Lords. Whence comes this ſound of ſhot?

Leſt. Pleaſe it your Maieſtie, t'is thought the Fleet
Lately diſcouered by your Subiect *Flemming*,
Riding along the Coaſts of *France* and *Dunkerke*,
Is met and fought with by your Admirall.

Queen. Heauen proſper his proceedings; harke my Lords,
Stil it increaſeth: Oh had God and Nature,
Giuen vs proportion man-like to our mind,
VVee'd not ſtand here fenc't in a wall of Armes,
But haue beene preſent in theſe Sea a larmes.

Hunſ. Your royall reſolution, hath created

you know no bodie.

New ſpirits in your ſouldiers breſts, and made
Of one man three.

Enter a Poſt.

Queen. Make way there, whats the newes,
Poſt. Your Royall Fleet bids battel to the Spaniards,
VVhoſe number with the aduantage of the wind,
Giues them great oddes but the vndaunted worth,
And well knowne valour of your Admirall,
Sir *Francis Drake*, and *Martin Furbiſher*
Giues vs aſſured hope of victorie.
Queen. VVhere did the royall Nauies firſt incounter?
Poſt. From Douer Cliffes we might diſcerne them ioyne,
But ſuch a cloud of ſmoke inuiron'd them,
VVe could diſcouer nought of their proceedings:
For the great Spaniſh Fleet had wind and Tide,
God and good hearts ſtand on your Graces ſide.
Queen. Ther's for thy newes: he that firſt lent me breath,
Stand in the right of wrong'd *Elizabeth*.
Omnes. God and his Angels, for *Elizabeth*.

Enter another Poſte.

Queen: VVelcome a Gods name, what's the newes my friend,
Alas, good man: his lookes ſpeakes for his tongue.
How ſtands the ſea-fight.
Poſt. Much contrarious,
The Spaniſh Fleet caſt in a warlike Ranke
Like a halfe Moone, or to a full bent bow,
Wait for aduantage: when amongſt the reſt
Sir *Martin Furbiſher* blinded with ſmoke,
And fir'd in heart with emulating honour,
Gaue the proud Spaniard a broad ſide of ſhot:
But being within the compaſſe of their danger,
The diſtant corners of the gripled Fleet
Circled him round: this valiant *Furbiſher*,
With all his braue and gallant followers,
Are foulded in deaths armes.
Queen. If he Surviue,
He ſhall be nobly ranſomed: If he die,
He liues an honour to his Nation.

How

13336a

If you know not me,

How fares our Admirall?
Post. Brauely he fights,
Directs with iudgement and with heedfull care,
Offends the Foe: England nere bred
Men that at sea fight better managed.
Queen. It cheers my blood, and if my God be pleased
For some neclected dutie in our selfe,
To punish vs with losse of them at sea,
His will be done: yet will we pray for them.
If they returne, our selfe will be the first
Will bid them welcome: what sayes valiant *Leceſter*?
Thou wilt not leaue me wilt thou? dost thou looke pale?
What sayes olde *Hunsdon*? nay ile speake thy part,
Thy hand old Lord, I am sure I haue thy heart.
Huns. Both hand and hart.

A noyce within crying a Furbisher.
Enter a Captaine.

Queen. Then let both heart and hand,
Be brauely vs'd in honour of our Land.
Before thou speakest take that if he be dead,
A Queene will see his Funerall honoured.
Cap. VVhen the foes ships
Had grasp't his ships within a steely girdle,
The valiant Captaine ouer-charg'd with her,
Hauing no roome for cowardize or feare,
Gaue all his ordinance a gallant charge,
Cheer'd vp his souldiers, man'd vp his fights,
And standing bare-head, brauely on the decke,
When dangerous shot as thicke as April haile
Dropt by his eares, he waued his war-like sword,
And with a bold defiance to the foe.
The watch-word giuen, his Ordinance let flie
VVith such a furie, that it broke their rankes,
Shotter'd their sides and made their war-like shippes
Like drunkards reele, and tumble side to side:
But to conclude such was the will of heauen,

you know no body.

The true ſpirit of that Gentle-man,
That being thought hopeleſſe to be preſerued,
Yet in warres deſpite and all the Spaniards ſcoffe,
He brought his ſhip and ſouldiers brauely off.
Queen. Warres ſpight indeed, and we to doe him right,
The ſhippe he ſailde in, fought in, cal'd Warres ſpight.
Now noble ſouldiers rouze your hearts like men,
To noble reſolution: if any heere
There be that loue vs not, or harbour feare;
Wee giue him libertie to leaue our Campe
VVithout diſpleaſure.
Our Armies royall ſo be-equall our hearts,
That with the meaneſt here ile ſpend my blood,
And ſo to looſe it count my onely good.
A March, lead on: wee'le meet the worſt can fall,
A mayden Queene will be your Generall.

They march one way out, at the other doore enter Sir Francis Drake with Colours, and Enſignes taken from the Spaniards.

VVhat meane theſe Spanniſh Enſigns in the hands
Of Engliſh Subiects?
Drake. Honourable Queene,
They ſhew that Spaniards liues are in the hands
Of Englands Soueraigne.
Queene. Englands God be praiſ'd
But prethe *Drake*, for well I kowne thy name,
And ile not be vnmindfull of thy worth:
Breefly rehearſe the danger of the battle,
Till *Furbiſher* was reſcued wee haue heard.
Drake. The danger after that was worſe than then:
Valour a both ſides ſtroue to riſe with honour,
As is a paire of Ballance once made euen,

13336a

If you know not me,

So ſtood the day, inclin'd to neither ſide:
Sometimes we yeelded, but like a Ramme
That makes returnement to redouble ſtrength,
Then forc't them yeeld when our Lord Admirall
Following the chaſe: *Pedro* their Admirall,
With many Knights and Captaines of account,
VVere by his noble deeds tane priſoners,
And vnder his Conduct are ſafely kept:
And are by this time landed at *S. Margrets:*
From whence they meane to march along by land,
And at S. *Iames* hee'le greet your *M*aieſtie,
Theſe Spanniſh Enſignes tokens of our Conqueſt,
Our Captaines tooke from off their battered ſhips:
Such as ſtood out we ſunke, ſuch as ſubmitted,
Taſted our Engliſh mercie, and ſuruiue
Vaſſals and priſoners to your Soueraigntie.
Quee. Next vnder God, your valors haue the praiſe:
Diſmiſſe our Campe, and tread a royall March
Towards *S. Iames*, where in martiall order
Wee'le meete and parley our Lord Admirall,
And ſet a ranſome of his Priſoners.
As for thoſe Enſignes ſee them ſafely kept,
And giue commandement to the Deane of Powles,
He not forget in his next learned Sermon,
To celebrate this conqueſt at Powles Croſſe:
And to the Audience in our name declare,
Our thankes to heauen in vniuerſall Prayer:
For tho our enemies be ouerthrowne,
Tis by the hand of heauen, and not our owne.
On: Sound a call; Now louing Countreymen,
Subiects, and fellow-ſouldiers, that haue left
Your weeping wiues, your goods and children,
And layd your liues vpon the edge of death,
For good of England, and *Elizabeth*,
We thanke you all: thoſe that for vs would bleed,
Shall finde vs kinde to them and to their ſeed.
Wee heare diſmiſſe you and diſmiſſe our Campe.

you know no body.

Againe we thanke you: pleaſeth God we liue,
A greater recompence then thankes wee'le giue.
All. Our liues, and liuings for *Elizabeth.*
Queen. Thankes; generall thankes.
Towards London march we to a peacefull throne,
We wiſh no warres, yet we muſt guard our owne.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

13336a